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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THE WEEK has been singularly barren of exciting events. It is curious to see, however, what a stimulus the return of peace has given to political agitation. As nothing is now dependent on the fortune of war, orators and writers are entering the arena with a confidence which they never displayed as long as their arguments and predictions were liable to reversion or falsification at the hands of Lee or Grant.

THE negro's success in assuming a prominent position in the political arena, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the earnestness with which it is sought to suppress him and put him out of sight. Everybody is heartily tired of discussing his condition and his rights, and yet little else is talked about, and none talk about him so much as those who are most convinced of his insignificance.

THE news from Europe is unimportant, unless we except the doubt which rest upon Napoleon's course in regard to Mexico. The *Moniteur* asserts that the present force in that country will not be increased, but will be kept at its maximum. The English papers borrow their chief topic of discussion from this country, and declaim on the proper treatment of the subjugated rebels. Lord Brougham, whose advice we notice in another column, lifts up his voice for clemency, and finds an echo, we are told, in the Paris press. His lordship's impertinence is imitated by "Historicus," the law-writer for the *Times*, who did us good service in the piratical season. He undertakes to define for this country the relation of the Government to its late enemies in arms, but manifestly travels beyond his sphere. The question is one of American Constitutional law, to be decided here, and, we apprehend, with as little respect to the authority of "Historicus" as if he were merely a crier in court, instead of the able barrister that he is. He has an undeniable right to his opinion, but to force it upon the Government of the United States is to insult its capacity for determining the laws by which it exists. "Historicus" has forgotten a similar ill-advised intrusion by Earl Russell, at an earlier stage of the rebellion, when he ventured to inform Mr. Seward of the British Attorney-General's opinion that this Government had no right to suspend the *habeas corpus*. Our Secretary rightly applied the snub direct to such gratuitous instruction. The argument drawn from expediency or humanity may fairly be offered to affect our disposal of Jeff. Davis and his compeers,—for nothing that concerns man anywhere is foreign to the rest of mankind, and international law is simply the product of a free exchange of opinion among nations, which is neither to be deprecated nor avoided,—but every government must be presumed the best, and of course the ultimate, judge of its own powers in dealing with its subjects.

"It is a marvel," said Cato, "that a couple of soothsayers can look at each other without a grin;" and President Johnson quotes this expression to a South Carolina delegation, in order to disclaim any con-

spiracy with them to deceive the public. He avows more distinctly than heretofore his motive in hastening reconstruction—that "the loyal men, who were compelled to bow and submit to the rebellion, may, now that the rebellion is ended, stand equal to loyal men everywhere." The war has effected a twofold emancipation—of blacks and whites. It is absolutely necessary for South Carolina, before she can hope to return into the Union, to abolish slavery within her territory by legislature or convention, and likewise to ratify the amendment of the United States Constitution, which abolishes and prohibits slavery everywhere. His reluctance to establish or favor—for, on this point, his language is not unmistakable—the enfranchisement of the blacks, arises from a fear lest the landed aristocracy control their votes to the prejudice of the poor whites, whose freedom the President is anxious to confirm. He therefore leaves it to the States, or to that loyal minority in each which he assumes to have constituted the State without intermission, to determine the qualifications for suffrage. At the same time, as a democrat, he is "opposed to class legislation." Such, substantially, is the position now occupied by our Chief Magistrate, though not, we may trust, unchangeably, except in respect of the doom of the slave system. The delegation, in reply, could naturally but assent to the latter condition of restoration, however unwelcome it might be. Their spokesman, Judge Frost, admitted that he and his associates, present and at home, had been cured of three delusions by the war: first, "that slavery is an element of political strength and moral power;" second, that the States' Rights doctrine is a sound one; and, third, that cotton is king. The people of South Carolina, having been defeated and conquered, will acknowledge the painful fact: already they have submitted to great sacrifices "from their fidelity to honor." "And," continued the Judge, "the same good faith which animated them in the contest will not be found wanting in their pledge of loyal support to the Government." If this assurance were not enough, the delegate was willing to add: "I suppose the oath of allegiance will be taken with as much unanimity in South Carolina as anywhere else." As this cannot possibly be doubted, we suppose the Palmetto gentry will not long be in lack of the Governor for whom they applied.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has given the finishing touch to the war by abolishing all restrictions on trade East and West. But if some means are not devised of protecting him from "personal interviews" with office-seekers, pardon-seekers, delegations, and busybodies of both sexes, they will make an end of him. It is lamentable that some way cannot be hit on of sifting the President's business before it comes before him. This is done to a certain extent with his letters, but the men and women who want to see him reach him, chaff and all. The easiest way of doing it would be to render access to him more difficult. Whether this could be arranged without raising doubts of his "democracy," we must leave it to others to determine. The present system, under which everybody can reach him who takes the trouble to go to Washington, if not suspected of designs on his life, is anything but democratic. For his time belongs to the whole nation. As matters stand, it is largely consumed in attending to the affairs or listening to the bad speeches of a few hundreds.

FROM an Augusta newspaper we have what purports to be an account of the peace conference at Fortress Monroe in January, by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the Southern commissioners on that occasion. Except certain strictures upon Jefferson Davis for his conduct before and after the colloquy, and certain professions of a genuine desire for peace on the part of Mr. Stephens, there is little that is new in his narrative. He tells, however, a capital story of President Lincoln, who, having at the outset declared that he could not consent to treat with the rebel authori-

ties as such, was confronted by Mr. Hunter with an historical precedent. This was the action of that constitutional ruler, Charles I., in treating with his rebellious parliament. Mr. Lincoln's rejoinder was characteristic: "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is, that *Charles lost his head*." Subsequently, when the Constitutional Amendment just passed had suggested the topic of emancipation, the President is reported to have said he hoped slavery would be abolished by the people, within six years at the farthest; and added that four hundred millions of dollars might be offered as a compensation to the owners. Perhaps observing some incredulity at this statement, he continued: "You would be surprised were I to give you the names of those who favor that." The letter of Mr. Greeley, since published, recommending this policy to the President, makes it clear that he was one of the persons alluded to.

THE Message of Gov. Pierpont to the Virginia legislature is remarkable for the instruction which that body receives in contemporaneous history and the first principles of government. We decline to decide between affronting the intelligence of the teacher and that of his pupils. Only we must consider it a very strong argument against the resurrection of the Old Dominion, if its legislators need to be acquainted with the facts of secession, or to be told that

"The people of a State may be divided into two classes during a rebellion, the one class loyal, the other disloyal. The loyal are the true and faithful to the government; the disloyal are the unfaithful, and those in opposition to the government. The loyal are entitled to the protection of the government; the disloyal are not entitled to the protection, but are subjects of the punishment denounced by the laws against those who disobey."

We had supposed it equally true and manifest that the people of a State may be divided into two classes, styled the good and the bad, respectively. The good are those who heed the laws; the bad are those who evade or violate them. The good are entitled to the protection of society; the bad are not so entitled, but are subjects of the penalties provided for their transgression, etc., etc., in this message-made-easy strain.

THE political campaign opens with the hot weather in Ohio, where a Union State Convention has met, selected a candidate for Governor, passed resolutions, heard speeches, and adjourned. The enemies of this assembly hoped that it might be divided upon the questions of reconstruction and negro suffrage. They were disappointed. The resolutions were not dogmatic or even explicit in these particulars, but by inference were strongly in favor of deliberation and equal justice in restoring the rebellious districts to political existence. With considerable emphasis they enforced the necessity of reverting to the first principles of our Government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence; and beyond this, it is difficult to see what ground the Convention could have taken, while Ohio herself is in need of the advice which they offer to the nation at large. Gen. Schenck delivered very fully his views upon reconstruction, and was followed by Senator Sherman, who spoke rather to the resolutions than to the general topic. He applauded the caution displayed by the Convention in avoiding a split, and contended that the issue which had been declined by them was to be taken up and settled in due time, when victory could attend a united front. It is noteworthy that the gubernatorial nominee, Maj.-Gen. J. D. Cox, entertains convictions that agree with the best interpretation of the resolutions of his party, and is connected by marriage and friendship with the advocates of impartial legislation for black and white.

THE President has been doing a very extensive business in pardons; but, as it has been evident for a week or two past that there is not a man in the South who is not ready to be pardoned at any moment, and take any steps that may be necessary for that purpose, the very salutary precaution has been taken of requiring in each case a report from the provisional governor of the State in which the applicant resides, upon (1) the probability of his proving a useful, peaceable citizen in future; (2) the existence of any proceedings in confiscation against him; (3) and the possession or non-possession of his abandoned property by

the United States. The Attorney-General's circular, we are glad to say, expresses very fully the expectation of the Government that the colored population will prove in the not far distant future intelligent and loyal citizens.

C. J. FAULKNER, who was United States Minister at Paris when the war broke out, is amongst those who have been pardoned, and we are sorry for it. It is but justice to the President to say that it was done in fulfilment of a promise made by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Faulkner's daughter. A more unworthy object there is not in the whole South. He used his official position at Paris up to the day of his departure in discrediting in the eyes of the French Court the Government which he represented and to which he had sworn fidelity. If rebellion be not an unpardonable crime, perfidy accompanied by perjury ought to be.

GENERAL TERRY has found it necessary to promulgate an order in his department forbidding combinations of the planters to keep down the wages of labor, and to place restrictions on the movements and agreements of the colored people with their employees. In addition to this, a newspaper has been suppressed at Petersburg, and an "avertissement" has been sent to another at Richmond, both for the use of rebellious and disloyal language. The question at once suggests itself on reading this, who is to look after the planters and the newspapers when the State is handed over, as we may fairly expect it shortly will be, to the "loyal voters?"

ROBERT DALE OWEN addresses President Johnson a letter through the *Tribune*, on a somewhat neglected Constitutional issue. He shows that by one of the original compromises of that instrument, each Southern voter before the war possessed one-fifth more political power than his Northern fellow, in all Congressional or Presidential elections. This resulted from enlarging the basis of Southern representation by an addition to its free inhabitants of three-fifths of all other persons, to wit, the slaves. This palpable inequality was endured because it was sanctioned by the Constitution. Now that we have abolished slavery, the obligation to respect it ceases, and the wrong should terminate. For, first, to withhold suffrage from the blacks is to leave them at the mercy of those who have despoiled them in the past, and who still retain their old malice; and, second, is to make their permanent disqualification conducive to the political aggrandizement of the whites. As nought but freemen are left, the people of color are reckoned no longer at three-fifths but at five-fifths, so that, while as unrepresented as before, they increase the representation of the whites by two-fifths of their own number. Consequently, a white voter in any Southern State whose population is about equally divided, is armed at the ballot-box with double the power of any voter at the North. Assuming, with Mr. Owen, as a liberal estimate, that two-thirds of the whites are sufficiently loyal to be admitted to vote, and that the ravages of war have reduced blacks and whites to numerical equality at the South, then each voter there will have, at a national election, three times the power of one at the North. This, says Mr. Owen, is dangerous and undemocratic; and he proceeds to ask what kind of men are to be thus entrusted with such extraordinary powers, citing Jefferson for the inevitable effects of slavery upon the community in which it flourishes, Mrs. Kemble's description of the poor whites, and his own observations while a member of the Freedmen's Commission. As for the right of determining the franchise, he argues that it inheres in the right of the United States to pardon the rebel States on condition—say, for example, that there shall be no more slavery; and that no discrimination against color shall be allowed to affect civil rights. If the first were neglected, it would involve a second rebellion; if the second be, it will create an oligarchy on an extended scale, and prevent either harmony or permanent peace between North and South. He concludes that though States have in general a right to regulate suffrage for themselves, this matter is beyond their province: first, because the seceded States should begin *de novo*, and not resume their old constitutions; second, because the Federal safety is imperilled, as it was by the existence of slavery.

MR. JAY COOKE has been seduced into authorship by his success as a broker, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the national debt is a

clear addition to the national capital. Considering the amount of nonsense which has been written about national debts for the last hundred years, there is nothing very wonderful in this; what is wonderful is that several of the morning papers, in spite of the pressure on their space, should have thought his disquisition worth republishing. Mr. Cooke's success as a seller of Government bonds no more qualifies him to instruct the public on the nature and uses of a national debt, than success as an engine-driver would qualify a man to lecture on the nature of elastic vapors. There is a very simple antidote for his really mischievous delusion. It consists in remembering that what has been lent to the Government during the war was really not the money, but the things that the money purchased—the powder, lead, iron, forage, and other stores, as well as the labor of a million of men, all of which have been destroyed, and the national capital has therefore been diminished by the exact amount of their value. The individuals who supplied them have lost nothing, but the community has—a distinction which Mr. Cooke has failed to perceive.

THE holders of Government bonds will be alarmed on hearing that the New York *Herald* has announced that it has not "given up its project with regard to the national debt," viz., that of paying it off by voluntary subscriptions. We had hoped the money would be allowed to lie a little longer.

IN spite of the disproportionate increase in the colored population of the District of Columbia on account of the war, it is an instructive fact that the local demand for domestic and farm servants is greater than the supply. One occasion of this is the long ago predicted drift of the freedmen toward their old homes in the South, very few being drawn in the opposite direction. Hence those Maryland farmers who voted last winter to pay their hands \$10 a month, without regard to the other party to the bargain, are now unable to obtain help at a much higher figure; and this experience may serve as a warning or a precedent to the still more close-fisted cultivators of Virginia, who think that the advantages of free labor are to be purchased at half the rate just mentioned. The only class in the District whose prospects are not good, are the women with families of dependent children, the fathers being soldiers in the Union army, or scattered none knows where in the South, or perhaps no longer living. These cases are numerous, are with difficulty provided for by employment, and were productive of infinite distress last winter.

IN the two days' review of our armies in Washington, it was noticed that the Western troops had a longer, more swinging gait than the Eastern, and that their beards had a strong disposition to redness. The report of the Secretary of War for the year 1864 furnishes some additional grounds of comparison for the study of the curious. Eleven States, of which, however, only three were strictly Western, kept statistics of their recruits. In height, Michigan excelled the rest, while Ohio was sixth, and Minnesota ninth. Vermont, which stood second in this respect, was first in breadth of chest, her average measurement being a little more than thirty-six inches at inspiration. Singularly enough for a mountainous region, one would suppose, New Hampshire was least capacious in lungs, and eighth in respect of height; but her northern counties, which are most rugged, are least populous, and sent fewest men to the war. New York and Delaware furnished the shortest men, and agreed upon the average—five feet five inches. The recruits from all sections between Nov. 1, 1863, and Nov. 1, 1864, amounted for the land service to 650,769, and for the naval to 24,683. At the latter date there were 102,000 colored troops enrolled, and perhaps this number remains substantially unchanged at the present time, none having been mustered out or being likely to be. The revenue derived from commutation was fifteen millions, against ten and a half for the previous year. Of military telegraph there were 6,500 miles in operation, and of this 78 miles submarine. Half of the whole extent was constructed during the war. A thousand persons have been constantly employed in the telegraphic service, and during the year transmitted one million eight hundred thousand messages. At a pinch, every second man in the army might have been mounted, for there were no less than 300,000 horses and mules, the former somewhat preponderating. One cannot

help admiring the abundant resources of a free nation in the time of her greatest trouble, and the tireless energy of the man who has directed them into their proper channels of feeding, clothing, arming, and transportation, so that no general in our armies has been able to complain of Mr. Stanton's ability to discharge his office, or his readiness to facilitate the operations in any section of the field.

THE career of the late Rear-Admiral Du Pont, up to the outbreak of the rebellion, was more creditable to himself than known to his countrymen. He began at twelve as a midshipman. In 1861 he had advanced to captain, and in April was in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He knew no divided allegiance as an American, but ably and promptly seconded the Government in its efforts to maintain its authority. He was destined to achieve his greatest renown at Port Royal, by a naval exploit which exhibited prudence, daring, and originality in rare proportions. After the conflict of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* had revolutionized the building of war-vessels, Captain Du Pont was directed to conduct the first assault of iron-clads upon forts and land-batteries. Where he, or rather his resources, failed, no other succeeded, and Sumter, impregnable oceanward to the last, capitulated to the shots which reduced Atlanta. Still brighter laurels than those of courage and victory were won by Du Pont along the coast of Carolina. He claims the grateful remembrance of the nation for his humanity, which, as it showed itself in his intercourse with his subordinates, was displayed as sincerely toward the despised blacks with whom he came in contact personally or through his fleet. He protected them from outrage on every occasion, dealt to them the same justice, accorded to them the same respect, as to other men; and this in advance of public sentiment, and by marked exception to the behavior of most of our commanders by sea and land. He was, in a word, a democratic gentleman, having the graces derived from his French descent, and the moral breadth of a believer in the republican institutions under which he was educated to usefulness and fame. His death is sadly premature, whether we consider his three-score years or the wishes and anticipations of those who survive him.

MAZZINI writes to Mr. Fisher, the London agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, that this country has done more for the cause of republicanism in four years than has been achieved in fifty by European discussion. He adds that her task has hitherto been self-organization—a realizing within her own boundaries of the principle of her existence. That established, by the abolition of slavery, a new duty devolves upon her: she ceases to be merely American, and becomes cosmopolitan. He would have her lead in the progress of mankind, and assist in the great battle that rages everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege. The Italian patriot may count upon our support in the sense in which he invokes it. His appeal is not, as it has been construed in some quarters, for material aid—for ships, powder, bayonets, men, or armed intervention such as Kossuth prayed for, and prayed in vain. Not less vain will be all similar solicitations in the future. What Mazzini craves, however, is sure to be granted, and that is sympathy, encouragement, and all the aid that flows from the conspicuous example of a successful, enduring republican society, consistent, above all, and true to its fundamental idea. We had in the past a rapidity of development, an extraordinary though superficial prosperity, a degree of public intelligence, an orderly submission to law, and an apparent stability, that served the republicans of the Old World in good stead for nearly half a century, and helped the South American republics into being. But these arguments were effectively resisted in Europe by pointing to the contradiction of slavery. Hereafter there will be no hollowness in the professions of this nation when it answers the cry of the struggling people in any land. The Union exists by, and in consequence for, the equal brotherhood of man. Republican propagandism is inseparable from a republican establishment.

WE publish in another column a letter originally addressed to R. H. Dana, of Boston, on "State Sovereignty," which is worthy of great attention, both on account of its intrinsic value and the writer's character and standing. We regret that we are not at liberty to reveal his name.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

THE ESSENCE OF THE RECONSTRUCTION QUESTION.

It is easy to see from the discussion which is going on on the question of reconstruction, that there is not in any quarter any opposition worthy of note to the abstract right of the negroes to the franchise. Nobody, whose opinion is of any consequence, maintains any longer that their claim to political equality is not a sound one. The agitation that is now raging is not about the principle of the thing. The question which is debated is whether President Johnson has any power to meddle in the matter, and if so, whether it would be expedient for him to exercise it. The pagan doctrine which Judge Taney propounded, and of which Mr. Douglas made himself so conspicuous an exponent, that this Government was formed for the benefit of white men exclusively, or in other words, that one portion of the inhabitants of a country can set up a political fabric which need not furnish to the rest even the poor boon of protection for person and property, is now never heard of from the lips of anybody but a few of the worn-out and decrepit veterans of the old pro-slavery army.

The view the President takes evidently is, that it is not necessary to the work of reconstruction that he should undertake to fix the political status of the negroes in the restored States. In the absence of any authoritative declaration to the contrary, we are justified in inferring from the plan which he is now carrying out, that his refusal to touch it is not due to doubts of his power to do so. It will hardly be pretended that he considers the provisions of the old State constitutions of 1861 binding on him, in view of the fact that he is exacting qualifications from the voters for the coming conventions which these instruments did not prescribe; that if the State constitutions spring into force by the mere fact of the termination of the war, his interference with State affairs now is illegal as well as anomalous; and that by calling what he is now doing an "experiment," he plainly reserves to himself the power to annul everything that the conventions so constituted may decide upon. In short, there is not a single feature of the scheme which is bringing back the revolted States to the Union so rapidly, which does not contain evidence that the authority to carry it out is, in the President's own estimation, derived from the necessities of the case. He is, in fact, doing whatever he considers essential to the securing to the various States a republican form of government and protection from domestic violence, with just as much regard to constitutional form as he thinks advisable and no more. The pretence that he may disfranchise two-thirds of the white population for an offence of which they have not been legally convicted, as he is now actually doing, and yet cannot take upon himself to consider the freedmen as a portion of "the people" of the State in which they live, will deceive nobody, and it is but just to him to say that he has never put it forward.

The negroes are evidently being shut out from the polls, as traitors are being shut out, on grounds of expediency. These are, partly, the fear of doing too great violence to the feelings of the "loyal" whites, and partly, the fear that the ignorance and want of training of the blacks will cause them to abuse the franchise after they have got it. The first of these was the Protestant argument in Ireland against the emancipation of the Catholics; it is at Rome the Catholic argument for oppression of the Jews, and in Constantinople the great Mussulman reason for allowing true believers to kick, cuff, and rob the rayahs, and is usually the reason given everywhere for having a weak and helpless class at the mercy of those who hate or despise it. The feelings of any large body of men, even of defeated rebels, are certainly entitled to consideration at the hands of any government laying claim to statesmanship, but only in so far as this consideration works no substantial injury to other people.

The argument drawn from the ignorance of the blacks would be forcible if it were not capable of general application. A proposal to exclude from all share in the government of the South those who are unable from want of education to form an intelligent judgment on measures or men, would be worthy of consideration. We are satisfied, as everybody is, that the rebellion was the fruit of ignorance, and that the declamation

we now hear against the guilt of the leaders, is in reality a roundabout way of expatiating on the mental darkness of the masses. Davis, Toombs, Wise, Cobb, and Company have been able to do what they have done simply because the vast majority of the Southern whites were unable to read the newspapers. We would therefore willingly avoid trying over again the experiment which resulted in the civil war; and we believe for our part, that part of the remedy for the Southern troubles would be found in the exclusion of everybody from the polls who was unable to read as well as the disloyal. This, however, has not been suggested by those who are most alarmed by the negro's want of education; though they have as yet not offered to explain in what the ignorance of a poor white differs from the ignorance of a poor black, or to tell us what worse consequences to the State could possibly result from the voting of half-a-million of benighted Africans than have already resulted from the voting of a million of benighted Caucasians. If greater calamities can come on a State than the "superior race" recently brought on the South, we do not know what they are.

The points we have to consider at the North, in deciding which course we ought to take in fixing the status of the negro at the South, are really reduced to two—the effect upon his condition of leaving him at the mercy of a hostile and semi-barbarous race, and the effect upon the national rule of shutting him out from all share in the local government. To suppose that he will receive fair play from white legislators, who are not responsible to him, who have no sympathy with him, and who, in their secret hearts, consider him a beast of the field, is to violate every rule of democratic government, and to make an open and shameless declaration of want of faith in our own principles. It is, moreover, to be guilty of cruelty as well as perfidy; for freedom bestowed on a man left in the position in which we have placed the freedmen, only increases the number of points at which he can be assailed and tormented. There is an alternative for those who fear to arm him for his own protection with the franchise, and it is one from which there is no honorable escape, and that is to continue, by some mode or other, to cover him with the sword of the national Government until he is either considered competent to take charge of his own interests, or his white neighbors can offer proof of the possession of humanity or of a sense of justice. The community in whose hands we now propose to place him and his family is, it ought not to be forgotten, that in which our prisoners were tortured only six months ago, and in which the St. Albans raid was considered honorable warfare.

Of the probability of our being able to dispense, in the restoration of the Union upon the present plan, with the political support of the colored population, we shall not say much, because on this point the events of each day are speaking volumes. The credulity of those who suppose that the effect of defeat in a bloody war has been to convert the Southern people into devoted admirers of the North and its institutions and its rule, and that all the traitorous and disaffected portions of it can be shut out from political influence by wholesale administration of oaths, for one month after the control passes from our hands, is one of the most singular phenomena in the history of either this or any other country.

There is one other objection to the President's policy which, in our opinion, is also very weighty. In leaving the "negro question" still unsettled, it bids fair to launch the country on another period of long and bitter "sectional agitation." It is useless to deprecate this, and beg Northern orators and writers not to exasperate the South by their declamation on negro wrongs. If appeals of this sort were of any use, the anti-slavery agitation would have ceased years before the war. As long as there is in any portion of the Union a state of things by which the moral sense of the people of another portion of it is outraged, or their fears excited, and that state of things can be changed by legislation, there will be agitation about it, come what may. In a free country there is no way to prevent men from talking loudly over what they feel deeply except to leave them nothing to feel deeply about. The true way to prevent "sectional feeling" and "sectional agitation" is to abolish sectional institutions, to make the bases of society and government the same in all parts of the Union, or in other words to render it thoroughly democratic. We have the chance of doing this now, and we ought to take care that we do not leave it in

the power of posterity to heap on us the worst reproach which statesmen can incur, of having allowed a great opportunity to perish in our hands.

The notion is very prevalent and is very earnestly preached, that with the destruction of slavery all danger of the re-establishment or perpetuation of an aristocratic class at the South has passed away. This is a most mischievous delusion. There is no country in the civilized world in which the social organization is so intensely aristocratic, in which class government is more firmly established, and in which the working population is more powerless and degraded, than England, and yet there has not been a slave on her soil for five hundred years. To establish and maintain an aristocracy, with all its consequences, both political and social, all that is necessary is that the power of government should be lodged in the hands of a *single class*, strong enough and energetic enough to retain its hold on them; and this is the very thing which a large number of intelligent people in the free States propose that we should now do at the South.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL.

BEFORE this meets the eyes of our readers, the Fourth of July will have been celebrated, as it was never celebrated before, and with good reason, for never before have we had such cause of rejoicing. It is not simply the birth of the nation which we now commemorate, but its regeneration; and even more than its regeneration. We celebrate not only the close of a long and bloody civil war, but the close of the contest which preceded and led to it, that, as it was well called, "irrepressible conflict" which for half a century absorbed all the intellect of the country, perverted its understanding, corrupted its morals, and employed most of its moral and mental energy, either in the attack or defence, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, of one of the worst forms of barbarism;—a conflict, too, which, during the last twenty years, began to exercise a paralyzing influence on industry and to poison social intercourse. We celebrate, in short, not simply the national independence, or the return of peace, but the close of the agitation about slavery, and the extinction of slavery itself. How tremendous an influence this fact is likely to have on our moral and intellectual progress, we can now only conjecture; we for our part believe that the next quarter of a century will have a wondrous story to tell on this point.

There is one other feature of our fête which is too marked to be overlooked or forgotten. It is not simply the triumph of American democracy that we rejoice over, but the triumph of democratic principles everywhere, for this is involved in the successful issue of our struggle with the rebellion. We need have little hesitation in predicting that the effects of the revolution through which we are now passing upon European politics will be still more marked than the effects of the revolution of 1776. It is evident already that the reaction of 1849 has been arrested, and that the tide is turning in favor of liberalism with resistless force. The French democrats already begin to show signs of life and activity, and the English Tories are retiring to their inner line of defence before the persistent assaults of the non-electors on the citadel of privilege. "Caesarism" has received from our successes, in what it considered its proudest moment, a fatal blow. The wonderful vigor of popular government, the prodigious national vitality which it develops and fosters, received its most splendid illustration in our last campaign, within a few weeks of the publication of the work which the French Emperor intended to be an elaborate declaration of its failure. There is, in short, no believer in the capacity of the human race for greater happiness and greater virtue than it has yet attained, in the existence of a wider field for its powers, and a nobler goal for its striving than it has yet looked upon, who cannot and will not rejoice with us this week. We utter no idle boast, when we say that if the conflict of ages, the great strife between the few and the many, between privilege and equality, between law and power, between opinion and the sword, was not closed on the day on which Lee threw down his arms, the issue was placed beyond doubt.

Of the extent of the material prosperity which is opened up to us by the final cessation of domestic strife, and the final disappearance from our soil of a form of industry which has in every age blasted all that it touched, and pulled down political fabrics that seemed even

stronger and better cemented than our own, thousands of willing tongues will this week tell. The theme is a grateful and a popular one. For our part, we love better to dwell on the possible moral and intellectual and aesthetic results of the wealth which awaits us, of all that it may enable us to do for religion, for art, for literature, and for science. For we are satisfied that democracy has in it, in a still larger degree than any other form of society, in spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary, the seeds of the highest excellence in every field of culture and research. The world has yet to see what a free people can achieve with great wealth, the results that the general diffusion of material comfort can produce in stimulating the pursuit of knowledge, and in intensifying the pleasures of the understanding and of the taste. We have already furnished an indication of what we may accomplish in other and nobler fields by the extraordinary amount of success in the cultivation of one of the most difficult of the sciences—that of war—which has been revealed by the military operations of the last four years. We cannot help believing that the national genius has a still stronger bent and a nicer adaptation for the victories of peace.

If we cared just now to play the part of the slave behind the Consul in his chariot in the triumphal progress, we might say much of the risks we still run, of the stumbling-blocks which still bestrew our path, of the temptations to which we may succumb, or of the thousand sins that will assuredly beset us. We prefer to reserve this less agreeable portion of our task to some season when it will be listened to with more attention, and will not be liable to damp honorable and fairly won rejoicing. There are few who celebrate the Fourth of July this year, who do not find, in the recent history of their own families or those of their friends, reminders enough that the brightest picture has its dark side. For how many thousands who went forth to hasten the great consummation over which the nation is singing pæans, do the bells ring, and the banners wave, and the music swell in vain!

WERE THE STATES EVER SOVEREIGN?

IN most of the discussions which have taken place on the question of reconstruction it has been assumed that any admission that the organizations known as the States have been in any locality destroyed by the rebellion, involved also the admission that a State could get out of the Union. It has been maintained, therefore, very stoutly, that the only way of escaping the conclusion that a State could secede, was by affirming that it was indestructible, that it was not only sovereign, but immortal. There is, however, another mode of getting out of the difficulty, which is ably discussed in the subjoined letter, addressed to Mr. R. H. Dana by one of the most vigorous thinkers and ripest scholars the country has produced, and now resident in Europe. We do not adopt all his conclusions, but his argument with regard to State sovereignty possesses at this juncture the highest importance.

"Slavery has always been a veiled, half-legalized form of rebellion against the fundamental principles of our Constitution. So long as it was, in a certain degree, quiescent, we were unhappily bound by national compact to tolerate it as a sort of prisoner of war upon parole. There was, in all the negotiations which resulted in the Constitution of 1787-9, an implied understanding, a virtual pledge, on the part of the South, that the institution which the whole nation, with scarce a dissentient voice, acknowledged to be both a crime and a curse, should soon be abolished, and there is little doubt that all parties looked forward to the cessation of the slave trade in 1809 as the beginning of the era of emancipation. But when slavery declared itself to be not a wrong but a right, a divine ordinance above the jurisdiction of earthly legislators, a social relation more sacred than any claim, possession, or duty sanctioned by human law, or derived from human compact; when it became aggressive and proclaimed a holy war, a Mohammedan *jihad*, against the principles and the institutions on which not our Union alone but all truly Christian society is based, it violated its parole and forfeited the indulgence which in an hour of extremity had been granted to it. It was thereafter entitled to no courtesy, to none of the privileges of honorable warfare; it wore the wolf's head of the outlaw, and stammered out the righteous self-imposed doom of Cain: Every one that findeth me shall slay me!

"At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, we were one

people, one nation, one commonwealth. Slavery always secretly tended, and ever since the annexation of Texas has openly aimed, to make us no longer one harmonious organization but two hostile states. It has well-nigh accomplished that end. The North and the South have become conscious of an element of reciprocal repulsion that must be neutralized, or rather expelled, or it will rend us asunder were we to bind ourselves together with chains of adamant. It has long been felt that barbarism and civilization cannot breathe a common air or live a common life. The barbarian principle must be eliminated from our system and cease to taint our vital blood, or the cause which has already half brutalized the South will sink our whole nation to a lower level than that of the red man whom we have supplanted.

"These considerations force themselves so imperiously upon every man who engages in the discussion of this subject that you cannot have overlooked them, and I have no doubt you have given your verdict upon the issue in some unreported part of your discourse. The question: Shall slavery live, or shall it die? is a point on which every man's mind is made up, and it would be but arguing after judgment were I to propose to debate it with you. But it is quite otherwise with the questions: Shall we content ourselves with the assurance that the wound which slavery has received is certainly mortal and will extinguish its hated life before it can gather strength and create fresh venom to give us yet another scorpion sting? Shall we trust its own promise to atone for its crimes, and save us the pain of inflicting the *coup de grace*, by a voluntary self-immolation, or shall we pronounce its sentence and deliver it over to the finisher of the law? I most fervently hope and confidently believe that the loyal people of the Union will award no new lease, grant no reprieve, but let the just judgment which has been already entered of record be followed by swift execution.

"The most obvious and perhaps the only really practicable method of accomplishing the great result is by constitutional amendment, federal and local. The refusal of the three McClellan States, hide-bound New Jersey—which, to borrow a phrase well understood in that State, is run by a corporation—Delaware, and Kentucky, to concur in the proposed amendment, has somewhat disappointed the hopes and embarrassed the policy of the friends of emancipation and the Union, and it is evidently wiser to take proper measures for securing the requisite number of States elsewhere, than to wait for the conversion of that trio of 'wayward sisters.' The attitude of the Federal Government towards the rebel States, and its authority over them with respect both to this and to all other points, must depend upon the legal position and the local relations of those States to the Federal Government. What then is the political status of the territory lately in open rebellion against the Union and now in reluctant submission to its authority?

"I am aware that the views which I understand you to entertain of this subject are those of a great number, perhaps the greater number, of American statesmen. It seems to be generally admitted, but so far as I have seen without sufficient examination, that because a State has, under the Federal Constitution, no power to secede from the Union, an ordinance of the State legislature or of a State convention to that effect, even though practically obeyed by the whole people of the State, is not only void as to the object sought to be accomplished by it, but has no effect whatever on the political rights and relations of the State or of the citizens. It is said that it neither creates nor releases rights or obligations of any sort, involves no disabilities, works no political disfranchisement or forfeiture, but the State remains, to all intents and purposes, so far as respects its relations to the Union, and even its own municipal organization, as if no ordinance of secession had been framed, no actual withdrawal from its practical connexion with the Federal Government had taken place. This view of the subject evidently assumes that the political rights of a State are appurtenant to its soil, and can perish only with it, not franchises and privileges of its citizens, to be enjoyed on condition of their fulfilment of corresponding duties. In many of the arguments I have seen on the question, the above theory seems to be held, not as a conclusion founded on any known principles of constitutional law, but because it has been thought that the doctrine of a lapse or forfeiture of the constitutional rights of a State—the proposition that rebellious South Carolina, for instance, is not still a co-equal member of the Federal Union, and as such entitled to all the

powers and privileges of loyal Massachusetts or New York—implies the admission that she no longer territorially belongs to the Union. This I hold to be a grave and dangerous error, and I believe it is one of the fruits of that most false and pernicious heresy—the doctrine of State sovereignty, or rather of State supremacy.

"The old States which formed the original American Union, and the State of Vermont—which never had a colonial government—have had two stages of political existence since they ceased to be colonies of a foreign power; the embryonic or inchoate period, extending from the repudiation of the authority of Great Britain to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the period of developed organization and mature life which they have enjoyed under that frame of government. The new States never passed through the intermediate stage, but rose at once from the dependent territorial or colonial condition to that of equal members of the Federal Union. It has been too generally assumed that, by the act of throwing off their allegiance to Great Britain, the provinces became, each, to all intents and purposes, an independent, free, and sovereign State, with all the rights, powers, and prerogatives appertaining to any existing political organization; that they were absolutely foreign and unrelated to each other as well as to the rest of the world, and bound by no common political tie; that they might freely consult, each, the individual interest and inclinations of its own citizens, without reference to the opinions, the interests, or the wishes of those of the other provinces; that whatever common rights and interests are vested in the Federal Union are enjoyed solely by compact between the States, and are defined by the Federal Constitution, which witnesses, and in fact exclusively embodies, that compact; and that the States have, severally or collectively, absolutely no rights with respect to each other, except such as they derive from the individual assent of the States to the Constitution of 1789, and from the general principles of international law.

"This view of our domestic relations is, I believe, both irreconcilable with historical fact and erroneous in point of law, and I maintain that the several States never were sovereign in any proper sense of that term. I am not ignorant that the epithet *sovereign* was often applied to the States in the early days of our national history, but it will be found that even then it was much more frequently used of them collectively than individually. And when it was employed in this latter way, it was used rather from want of a more appropriate term than as an epithet truly descriptive of their political status.

"At that period, the nomenclature of political science was much more vague and indefinite than in our day. Free discussion of political questions cannot be said to have anywhere existed before the American Revolution, and an appropriate dialect for such discussion had not yet grown up. Hence the publicists of the Revolutionary period were often obliged to employ the vocabulary of their predecessors in senses different from those which long usage has now conferred upon its technical terms. The word *sovereign*, then, as applied to the nascent American States, had not, in the mouths of those who first employed it, the comprehensive meaning which theorists of the State-rights school have since striven to affix to it, and the influence which the abuse of this unlucky word has had upon public opinion is the most remarkable instance of 'cheating with a name' to be found in our history, except that other of power acquired by the Northern pro-slavery party from the assumption of the title of 'the Democracy.'

"All this is most clearly shown by the conduct of the people and the local governments during the War of Independence. Doubtless they often acted without immediate reference to each other, just as separate army corps must sometimes do, from the mere necessity of the case. But whenever concert and joint action were possible, they never failed to consult and act together. They did not consider themselves as, for a moment, an unrelated group of independent commonwealths temporarily banded together to accomplish an object in which they had no common, but each a separate interest, nor did they believe that the one supremacy of Great Britain had been divided into thirteen new and distinct supremacies, of the same order not only as each other but as Great Britain herself. Whatever, here and there, a crazy theorist, even at that early day, may have dreamed about State sovereignty, the American people entertained no such idea, nor did they suppose that the

States could, by any individual action, release themselves from the common bond, created by common origin, common allegiance, common interest, common aims, and a common country.

"The true technical sovereignty was, indeed, for a time in abeyance, and until it was definitely lodged in an organization constituted by the will of the one whole people, the new States were like minors lawfully emancipated from the tyranny of an unnatural parent, but who have not yet chosen a legal guardian.

"The uprising of the American people in 1775 was not a succession of independent municipal insurrections; it was a national act. The Declaration of Independence in 1776 was not a chorus of thirteen voices accidentally falling into the same melody; it was a national anthem. The Revolutionary war was not a chaos of exasperated and vindictive mobs, of predatory raids and guerrilla forays; it was a *justum bellum* whose strategy was planned by national generals, and whose great operations were conducted under the authority of Congress. The conventions by which France in 1778, and Great Britain in 1783, recognized our independence, were not negotiated between those powers on the one hand and thirteen individual sovereignties on the other, but between European monarchies and a single American republic. The Constitution of 1787-9 was not a purely voluntary league between independent realms, but was, and declared itself to be, the solemn act of the *people* of a commonwealth, geographically and politically known as the United States, establishing a frame of government adopted by that people for that and all coming ages. The first and most sacred of all our political acts, the Declaration of Independence, does not even name or enumerate the individual States, and the specification of them, in the international treaties to which I have alluded, is only for the purpose of distinguishing them from all other British-American colonies whose independence was not acknowledged. So with those treaties, mention is made of the 'two parties,' that is to say, the monarchy on one side, the republic on the other; and all the stipulations are framed accordingly.

"As soon as the term of abeyance ceased, as soon as the guardian was chosen, the United States, as impersonated by the Declaration of Independence, succeeded to the sovereignty of Great Britain, and the Constitution of 1789 confirmed and perpetuated the sovereignty of the people of the nation over all local organizations, and made the constitutionally expressed will of that people the supreme law of the land. Thus far, then, the former colonies, though they had ceased to be provinces, and had become what we in American political phraseology call States, had never severally assumed the rank technically designated as that of a sovereign *State* in the general dialect of political writers.

"Until the adoption of the Constitution, and before the universally recognized common sovereignty had been fully organized and developed in its several departments, the States had, from necessity, exercised certain powers always properly belonging—and, by the terms of the Constitution, now definitely committed—to the Federal Government; but the adoption of that Constitution involved, by the very force of its provisions, a final and perpetual surrender of the prerogatives of sovereignty universally recognized by publicists in all ages as not merely *indicia*, but as necessary elements of independent supremacy; and when the people of the Union, through its organs, the public authorities of the several States, signified its acceptance of the Constitution which its delegates in convention had framed for it, the very shadow of that hydra sovereignty which had never had a substantial existence, vanished for ever!

"The States, then, were not sovereign before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and certainly that instrument did not make them so. They are municipal bodies, having no legal existence or attributes, except such as are expressly defined by the Constitution, or as result from the nature of the purposes for which they exist, and there is no more ground for ascribing sovereignty to the old States than to the new, which latter, surely, have no source of power *above* the Constitution.

"I am wholly unable to see how the doctrine, that a particular State can no longer exercise its rights and privileges as a technical member of the Union, involves the admission that it is no longer subject to the authority of the Union. The theory of an indefeasible State sovereignty seems to have led very many politicians to reason that every State must be lawfully *in* the Union as a co-equal member of it, or altogether *out* of its jurisdiction, and hence, that to

deny to a State, under any circumstances, power to act as a branch of the Federal Government, is to admit the right of secession. This is altogether a *non sequitur*, and to draw such a conclusion is to maintain that a crime which works a forfeiture of particular rights confers *ipso facto* yet greater rights upon the offending party. There is no apparent reason why Virginia or North Carolina, having disfranchised themselves as *States*, should not still belong to the Union as *Territories*; and, indeed, this is the strongest ground upon which the recognition by Congress of the new State of Western Virginia can be justified. A municipal corporation—and the States are nothing more—may surrender its charter, or it may forfeit it by abuse of power. Nobody would contend that the voluntary surrender or the forfeiture of the charter of the city of Boston would exempt that city from the jurisdiction of the State legislature. On the contrary, the power of the State over its territory and its citizens would be greater than before, because prerogatives enjoyed by it under the State would then lapse back again to the higher jurisdiction. Still less would it be maintained that, because an insignificant minority of the citizens had cast their ballots against the surrender, or were, otherwise than by unresisting acquiescence, innocent of the acts which created the forfeiture, those citizens, however few, became thereby invested with the corporate powers originally belonging to the whole body of inhabitants. The rebel States have lost their corporate charter both by voluntary surrender and by forfeiture, and I have no manner of doubt that the Federal Government may accept the surrender or enforce the forfeiture, and that, in either case, that which was a *State* becomes a *Territory*, subject in all things to the legislative power of Congress, just like any other technical Territory of the Union.

"When the political reorganization of the Southern territory becomes a practical question, as it soon must do, there will be conflicts of jurisdiction. Such, indeed, have arisen already. There are two claimants to the executive chair, two legislatures, in Virginia, not to speak of a third government in Western Virginia. There are two governors in Tennessee, two in Louisiana, and two in Arkansas, and there will soon be like cases in other rebel States. In the portion of *your* speech which I have seen, no method of settling which is the *true prince*, which the pretender, is hinted at; but this is a question which must be met at once.* The power of deciding between rival claims of this character, it appears to be conceded, belongs not to the judiciary but to the Federal Government, Congress, and the Executive. Congress and the Executive are in no case judicial authorities, and whenever an officer, a magistracy, or a deliberative body is entrusted with absolute power, independent of control or revision by courts of law—as the decisions of the Federal Governments on such points are declared to be—then such power becomes a discretionary one, and may be exercised with such limitations, and upon such conditions, as the authority invested with it chooses to impose upon itself or upon the subjects of its jurisdiction. The Federal Government, then, may lawfully pronounce decisions, which shall bind all the world, as between rival claimants to State authority, and it may impose on either claimant just such terms of recognition—the direct abolition of slavery, the adoption of the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, a change of State name or of State boundaries even, for instance—as it shall deem the public good to require.

"Were the question now first presented for discussion, I should hold it the wiser course to enforce the forfeiture of the corporate rights of the rebel States, reduce the whole to the territorial condition, divide the soil into convenient jurisdictions for that purpose, cutting off Panhandles, Eastern Shores, and other geographico-political absurdities, and finally admitting as States the territories so constituted, whenever they should have framed and adopted constitutions consonant to the principles of American liberty. This course would relieve us from many perplexing embarrassments, and be attended with many positive advantages, among which not the least conspicuous would be the legal consequence, that the constitutional anti-slavery amendment is *already* accepted by a sufficient number of States. It is, perhaps, now too late to adopt so sweeping a measure as this, as one of universal application; but the power of the Federal Government to decide which, in any given case, is

* Mr. Johnson has met it by putting one of the two governors in jail.—ED. NATION

the lawful State organization, enables it to secure most of the advantages of a more radical plan of operation, and besides, this latter may, in extreme cases, still be resorted to whenever it is found necessary.

"Instead, then, of leaving the whole matter to take care of itself, and maintaining the *status quo* in order that the slavery question may form a basis for the organization of a new 'Democratic' party, North and South, I would propose:

"I. Examples of salutary severity, sufficient both in the number and in the position of the criminals to teach the people of the Union that disappointed politicians cannot be permitted to play at treason, rebellion, robbery, and assassination with impunity.

"II. The holding of the 'rebels and their territory in the grasp of war,' as you well suggest, either governing them by territorial organizations, supported by martial law administered by a competent force, until they shall be content to return to loyalty and submission, with free State constitutions, or encouraging the election of State governors and legislatures by the loyal inhabitants, and the adoption of the constitutional amendment by such legislatures, making this and the constitutional repudiation of the rebel debt, in all cases, conditions precedent of recognition by the Federal Government, and relaxing 'the grasp of war' only when these objects shall have been accomplished.

"III. The inexorable treatment of all rebels found in arms hereafter, by land or sea, as traitors and pirates, and their condign punishment by military tribunals.

"This policy would, I believe, secure the immediate legal abolition of slavery throughout the land, and thereby affect a permanent pacification of our distracted country. If, on the other hand, we hold that though every citizen of a State may have individually committed a treason which involved the forfeiture of all rights, life itself even, and though every authority of the State has not only officially participated in that treason, but has voluntarily surrendered the corporate rights of the State, yet, notwithstanding all this, the mere soil of the State retains all the ancient powers, privileges, franchises, immunities, and even local institutions of its once loyal citizens, we have gained nothing by the sacrifice of half a million of lives and of uncounted millions of treasure.

"Proclamations, amnesties, fraternizations, conciliations, have not as yet touched the root of the evil. They will not touch it hereafter. Our lenient treatment of rebels and the rebellion has excited no compunctious visitings, no gratitude for unmerited indulgence. Let us remember as a guide for future dealings with treason, that

'the tender mercies of the weak,
As of the wicked, are but cruel.'"

A CASE IN POINT.

THE British West Indies have been used a great deal by the opponents of emancipation as an illustration of what negroes come to if allowed to be their own masters. It now furnishes a useful illustration of what government comes to when legislation is left in the hands of one class. Emancipation found the colored population of Jamaica in a state of gross ignorance. Popular education has, however, been all but totally neglected by the legislature, though thirty-five years have elapsed since emancipation. It has spent over \$200,000 in the erection of a so-called penitentiary, and that institution and the other prisons throughout the island are supported at a yearly outlay of full \$100,000, while, with a population of nearly half a million, the munificent sum of \$20,000 per annum is voted for educational purposes. When the Government is pressed on the subject by persons who are anxious to see the work of popular education taken vigorously in hand, the reply always has been, "We are going to do something; but means are required, and it is not easy to find the money." It is worthy of note that, in certain other matters, there is never any lack of promptitude and energy, nor is any difficulty ever raised with regard to finding means for carrying them out. If, for example, it is desired to import Coolie immigrants to aid in the cultivation of the sugar plantations, loans are at once raised for the purpose; and fully three-fifths of the present island debt, amounting to nearly a million of pounds sterling, and which the entire people of Jamaica are now contributing to pay off, has been incurred in immigration schemes, set on foot to supply the planters with cheap labor. But as for education, it is urged that the poverty of the country makes it impossible to do anything on a proper scale.

The natural consequence of all this is, that the great bulk of the black people of Jamaica are, as regards mental culture, in a state but little removed from that in which slavery left them and emancipation found them nearly thirty years ago; that only two blacks have ever sat in the legislature of the colony; that out of the hundreds of magistrates on the island, there are not more than four black men holding commissions of the peace; that among the ninety-odd clergymen belonging to the Anglo-Jamaican Established Church, supported at the public expense, there is only one black minister, and he is without an incumbency; and that in the civil service of the colony there is but one negro, and he has been recently appointed to the subordinate post of tide-waiter in the Customs.

It is true that the legislature makes liberal provision for the support of an Established Church in the colony. But this fact, instead of serving to extenuate its conduct in regard to popular education, only tends to bring out the dereliction of duty in stronger relief. The Jamaica Church establishment is supported at a cost to the tax-paying public of the island of \$200,000 per annum. That Church, be it known, is the Church of the minority, not more, on the outside, than one-fourth of the population being members of it, and it is the Church of the higher classes. Its members, too, with a few honorable exceptions, are not educators of the masses. They are not pastors of the Neff and Oberlin stamp, adapting themselves in their teachings and labors to the mental and social condition of the people, and acting the part of pioneers in the work of civilization. They are rather of the aristocratic order of clergymen, and generally content themselves, as the principal part of their duties, with reading prayers and preaching a sermon once or twice a week—their discourses being as a rule composed in language altogether above the comprehension of the illiterate portion of their congregations. Yet to support this Church, which costs the country annually \$200,000, the people of the other religious denominations, who have to maintain by voluntary contributions their own ministers and to build and repair their own places of worship, are heavily taxed. And it is to be observed that the blacks are nearly all dissenters. So much for the question of popular education.

Let us now see how the electoral rights of the people have been dealt with. A short time after emancipation took place, an election law was passed by the Jamaica legislature, giving the franchise to owners of freeholds of the annual value of six pounds sterling and upwards. Under that law a considerable number of the freed blacks became entitled to vote; but as the negro in numerous instances showed quite a disposition to think and act for himself as a voter, or at any rate to follow other leaders than the men of the old dominant party, it was discovered that the law was a great deal too liberal, and so, after several alterations had been from time to time made in it, all of a restrictive tendency, the happy expedient was at length hit upon of imposing a tax on the suffrage while retaining the property qualification. The tax is two dollars and a half a year, and in addition to any other taxes a man may have to pay. What makes the matter worse is, that this impost falls only on the poorer classes of tax-payers. Every man paying taxes to the amount of seven dollars and a half as a minimum is exempted from it; but those ranging under that sum must pay the voting tax before they can exercise the elective franchise. The result of this legislation has been to render popular representation in Jamaica a mockery and a delusion. There are several of the parishes on the island, numbering respectively a population of from twenty-five thousand souls to thirty thousand and upward, whose voting lists, year after year, do not show more than thirty or forty registered votes; and from a return presented to the House of Assembly two years ago, it appeared that the number of registered voters for the whole island of Jamaica did not then exceed two thousand. And this with a population of nearly half a million! Thus it will be seen that the great body of the people are not represented in the legislature; and in a dispute between the late Colonial Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, and the House of Assembly, which took place shortly before his death, that nobleman brought the fact forcibly to the attention of the House, and on the ground which it furnished justified the interference of the Imperial Government, acting on behalf of the people, with the local legislation of the colony.

THE EMPEROR AND THE TWO SOUS.

THE two-sous subscription in France, towards the purchase of a medal to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln, has, after two weeks of reflection, been relieved from the prohibition placed upon it by the police, and is now in process of collection once more. But the fact that at the outset it should have filled the Imperial Government with alarm is one of the most singular and suggestive facts of contemporaneous history.

It would look, at first view, as if there were nothing in it that should perplex, with fear of change, so mighty a monarch as the Emperor. Had it been proposed to strike the medal in honor of Booth as a tyrannicide, who had laid low a usurper guilty of the murder of the Republic he had sworn to preserve, one might better understand the philosophy of the prohibition. For the imperial historian of the first Roman emperor must feel a shuddering horror at the image of Brutus

"Refulgent from the stroke of Caesar's fate,"

which ever stalks inseparable from the shade of his great victim in the memory of mankind. That were of evil ensample. But a testimony of grief and loathing for the act which had reddened the annals of mankind with the blood of a great magistrate, a protest of labor against murder disguised as patriotism, a breathing of respectful pity for the bitterness of the private sorrow which waited upon this public crime—might not this be allowed without endangering the foundations of the Second Empire? One would think so. But instinct is a great matter now, as in Falstaff's time, and especially the instinct of despotic power. The existing condition of things being accepted, what the preservation of that condition demands cannot be refused. If plantation slavery were right and necessary, then the scourge, the manacle, the branding-irons, the auction-block, were all of them necessary and right too. It is common sense, as well as common law, which says that the possession of a right implies the possession of everything that is necessary to the enjoyment and security of that right.

And thus if imperialism be accepted as the highest development of human government on earth, the fitting image and expression of the Divine polity, the necessary incidents of the condition must be accepted also. If France admits that the first Bonaparte, by virtue of the greatness of his genius, became the legitimate and natural master of her destinies, and that this autocracy descended of right to his putative nephew—that the Second of December was the necessary sequence of the Eighteenth Brumaire—she must consent to the censorship of the press, to the restriction of freedom of speech, to arbitrary arrests, to deportation without trial, and whatever else is necessary to the maintenance of this divine order of things. And, looked at from this point of view, the prohibition of the testimonial medal to Mrs. Lincoln is not so unaccountable or unreasonable as it looked at the first blush. It was, unquestionably, a political movement—at least, a political sign. It was the heart of laboring masses that are the objects of government, speaking to laboring masses that are the originals of government. It was not merely an offering to Mrs. Lincoln, as the widow of the one man who had been murdered for his fidelity to his public duty, that was proposed. It regarded her as typifying the nation that was sitting in the weeds of widowhood for the loss of her head, who died for his devotion to the principles which are the life-blood of her being. It was an offering of republicans to a republic—for the workmen of France are republicans, who bide their time with such patience as they may. It was a sincere tribute of respect and sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln, undoubtedly; but it was, at the same time, an ingenious and effectual political engine. It was *muching malicho*. It meant more than met the ear. There was an esoteric, as well as an exoteric, significance attached to it. Its word of promise was not to be broken to the hope while it was kept to the ear. This it was that sealed its fate. This was the mischief that vitiated the transaction, and made the Imperial Government see in what was on the face of it a harmless and touching embodiment of an honorable feeling, an infernal machine designed for the destruction of the throne. So the die was broken before the medal was struck, and the hard-earned moneys given toward it swept for the moment into the public fisc.

It is edifying, and not displeasing to the carnal man, to consider that the most serious dangers that threaten Napoleon III., and the annoyances that most vex him, have sprung directly from his false calculations of our calamities and the advantages he promis-

ed to himself from them. He would never have erected Mexico into a Spain for his dynasty, had he not been assured in his own mind of our national disintegration. He saw Texas and Louisiana conceded to him, or to his Mexican dependency, as the remuneration for his recognition of the Confederacy, which he did not intend should be long delayed. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in recent articles, to show the obligations of America to England, in the new spirit of civility which has come over the English press since the downfall of the rebellion became an accomplished fact, affirms, on what seems good authority, what we have had reason to believe from other sources, that Napoleon urged upon England a joint intervention in our affairs and armed compulsion to a settlement by separation. And a correspondent declares that a Frenchman of high rank, a senator and personal friend of the Emperor, had denounced in his hearing the refusal of England as the greatest blot on the administration of Lord Palmerston. This was the general tone of conversation in high French political circles. We fully believe this to be true, and are confident that when the history of these last four years comes to be written authentically, it will be found that we were all along in greater danger from France than from England. The community of language, the unbridled license of the English press, the arrogance and ill-manners of public speakers in and out of Parliament, excited natural resentment, just indeed, but even more merited by the better bred and more controlled malignity of the French Government. It is taken for granted that such intervention would have resulted inevitably in the success of the rebellion. We submit that it would have done nothing of the kind. The war, thus supported, would have been much more disastrous to us than it has actually been; but it would have been still more so for the intervening powers, especially for England. Not a shred of commerce would have been left for either of them at the end of it. The proof of this is to be seen in what we have done, and with how moderate and tolerable a strain upon our resources of men and money. We think English statesmen chose the better part in refusing to join in such an adventure, and we believe, too, that the throne of the Second Empire was saved from going to wreck in the tempest by their refusal.

All this, however, lies in the province of what the schoolmen used to call the *Media Scientia*, or the science that treats of what would have happened had events gone differently from what they did. We cannot but think that the prestige of the Emperor for sagacity must suffer loss from the miscalculation of our horoscope which led him into the Mexican entanglement. That Prince Napoleon thinks this last what Lord Derby would consider "a blunder" is evident from his speech at Ajaccio, in which he comes out for the Monroe doctrine. This must be no small addition to the vexations growing out of our affairs which make the head lie uneasy that wears the imperial crown of France.

SOME REASONS FOR DELAY.

If we are to believe the correspondents, even of those journals which are best satisfied with the course things are taking at the South, the condition of the society there is something very nearly chaotic.

Without officers or legislators, without courts, without authorities to keep the peace, with agriculture unsettled, the labor question undetermined, property insecure, trade paralyzed for want of the products of exchange and the means of purchase, the social status of every class undefined; with proscription, death, or disfranchisement ever present to the people's imagination, violence lurking in the air, and threatening to burst now upon the leaders of secession, now upon the negroes, and now upon the populace, who welcome coldly the disbanded hosts of the defunct Confederacy,—such is the picture of the South that one finds drawn in the morning papers. From every subjugated State, and from some which were none the less rebellious because not technically subjugated, there comes very general testimony that the abolition of slavery, which was the consummation of the war, is to be resisted and thwarted by the whites in every possible way. Enraged that the object for which they courted poverty, famine, exile, and death, has been for ever removed from their ambitious machinations, they seem determined that the new order of things shall not be made pleasant.

In Virginia, the last State to capitulate and the first to get upon its legs again without a military Governor, we see the planters assemble

and resolve, in one county, that the laborers shall be paid starvation wages; that none shall be employed unless recommended by their previous employers, or shall have access to the plantations except on business; in another county, that to hire a negro without the consent or unless on the terms of his "owner" shall be a "social misdemeanor"—which, according to former custom, would subject the offender to any of the rigors of lynch law. In the interior of North Carolina, whose loyalty has been so boasted, the condition of the freedmen is scarcely better than that of slaves. Many are in fact still held under the lash, as is true to a great extent in South Carolina, and even in West Tennessee, where masters continue to hire out their slaves as of old.

A spirit so obstinate as this, in a community where the oppressor has not yet learned his weakness, nor the oppressed his rights, where naught is fixed but the determination to persist in injustice, where it is morally impossible without perjury to swear to support the national enactments for the destruction of slavery—a spirit, we repeat, of such a cast appears not only incapable of ruling others but of ruling itself. And yet, so far from being put on probation, subjected to restraints, and above all shorn of the power which has corrupted and seduced them, the Southern people find self-government forced upon them with such rapidity, that we shall, to all appearances, have the Union restored by the first of August. This haste on the part of the Executive must outstrip the expectation of the seceded States themselves, as of course it does their just claims to restoration to the Union. Would it not have been more seemly, as well as wiser, to have waited till society could accustom itself to its new basis of free labor and equality, till the penalties of rebellion had been determined upon and applied, till accurate statistics could be procured of the material, intellectual, and moral capacity of the South, including both races, and until, in fact, those charged with the work of reconstruction had some better light to guide them than the theories concocted in Washington?

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

LORD BROUGHAM has made, at a banquet given to the Prince of Wales in the Fishmongers' Hall in London, the following extraordinary remarks:

"If my voice could reach across the Atlantic, it would tell our kinsmen that their best friends, those who have been their advocates through good report and through bad report, now pray and beseech them to use the victory which, by great courage, great perseverance, and no little military skill, they have gained, in mercy as well as in justice (cheers); that they should not stain the scaffold with the blood of their prisoners (cheers); that they should recollect that those prisoners whom they call rebels were treated by them as warriors (cheers); that truces were made with them, agreements made with them, submissions received from them, and that they ought not to think of rendering their cause, which is now triumphant, hateful, as well as triumphant, by spilling the blood of those captives they have now in their power. (Loud cheers)."

It will probably be a satisfaction to him to know that his voice "has reached across the Atlantic," but we regret to add that there is very little probability that anything he can say on the subject of the treatment of the rebel prisoners, or on any other political subject in which Americans are interested, will produce the smallest impression on either the Government or people. He has not grown grey in courts without learning that, to be listened to at all, a judge must be supposed to be impartial, and a counsellor to be friendly. He has since the outbreak of the war, we must suppose deliberately, disqualified himself for assuming either of these positions towards us in the settlement of our differences with the South. By nobody has the cause of the North been denounced, and its motives impugned, with more violence, and, we may add, indecency of language. He assumed from the very outset, not simply that the conduct of the South was excusable, but that our conduct was criminal, and has throughout acted and spoken on this assumption. He has in more than one speech ascribed the war, which the whole people of the North were waging for an idea, to mere love on our part of plunder and bloodshed. He has treated our anti-slavery zeal as so much artful hypocrisy, and our devotion to the Union as so much insane lust of power. If we were, now that the struggle is over, to turn to him for advice as to the use we should make of our victory, whatever he might say, he would certainly in his secret heart be amused by our stupidity.

Lord Brougham's course on the American struggle has simply furnished a fresh illustration of that absence of judicial power which has

marred his career ever since he left the bar. He is by nature an advocate, and has all the defects as well as all the excellences belonging to that character. He owed a large portion of his professional success to a constitutional incapacity to see more than one side of any question, and this of course enabled him to bring to the service of his client more of his highest powers than men gifted with more of the critical faculty can ever place at the disposal of any cause or any person whatever. Luckily a nature inherently noble, and an ingrained horror of whatever bore the appearance of wrong, in seven cases out of ten kept him on the right side of politics, and made him one of the ablest and most successful of English reformers.

But even in this field he has always been too much of an advocate to attain the highest position. His knowledge has never kept pace with his zeal. He has had that amount of cultivation which every lawyer ought to have; but which most lawyers get along without, and which consists in knowing enough of everything to cross-examine an expert with credit and effect; but this is not knowledge which it does to air out of court, and Lord Brougham's confidence in producing it on every occasion has brought on him the imputation of being, if not shallow, not thorough. His peculiar defects of character and training showed themselves more conspicuously, of course, when he mounted the bench than they had ever done before; but they show themselves perhaps still more conspicuously in his attempts to play the Nestor in his old age. That is a part for which his unfitness is pre-eminent. Advancing years have certainly not whitened the light in which he sees things, and whatever respect people have retained for him in this country, is certainly due, not to the opinion they entertain of the effects of time on his judgment, but to the memory of the great services rendered to freedom and humanity in the days of his hot youth.

THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE.

I.

SWORD! ere the sheath that hid thy light so long
That splendor quench, go thou like lightning forth,
High bride of Justice, not of South or North,
And lift, as now, the weak, and quell the strong!
Advance till from the black man's hut the song
Rises to God, and by the black man's hearth
Humanity hath leave in godly mirth
To sit forgetful of her ancient wrong.
Then sleep for ever; for to work like thine
While the worlds last no other can succeed
Equal or second. Hang a starry sign
In heaven! but rather wear a widow's weed
On earth than break that primal troth and trust
For second nuptials base and prone ambition's lust.

II.

Lo! as an eagle battling through a cloud,
That from his neck all night the vapor flings,
And ploughs the dark, till downward from his wings
Fierce sunrise smites with light some shivering crowd
Beneath a blind sea-cavern bent and bowed;
Thus through the storm of war, the night of things,
That Principle to which the issue clings
Makes fateful way, and spurns at last its shroud.
There were that saw it with a skeptic ken;
There were that saw it not, through hate or pride;
But conquering and to conquer, on it came,
No tool of man, but making tools of men,
Till nations shook beneath its advent wide,
And they that loosed the portent rued the same.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Feb. 21, 1865.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

ONE principal object of THE NATION is to promote and develop a higher standard of criticism. The question may be asked, *Cui bono?* and the appearance of our first number is therefore a proper occasion for saying somewhat on the value and proper position of critics.

The opinions on this subject are opposite as the poles. Some authors, and distinguished ones, too—Irving was one, Bulwer is another, Lowell another, though professing to be also of the "ungentle craft" himself—

maintain that your critic is a most unnecessary nuisance, a pestilent fellow, who tears the works of better men to pieces, because he can produce nothing good himself, and makes it his business to look for spots in the sun, and calumniate the icicle on Diana's temple. On the other hand, the critic not unfrequently proclaims himself a fine gentleman, for whose amusement the author writes. He discusses the book as he would a newly furnished house or a state dinner. Talk to him of writing books himself! Must Amphitryon be able to fry an omelette or Lucullus to concoct a *meringue* before he ventures to find fault with *Soyer's cotelettes à la Reforme*? Is Brummell disqualified for passing judgment on Stultz's coats because he has never handled the shears himself?

Equally opposite are the theories about the critic's genesis. There was the old one of Queen Anne's time, that he owed his life to the corruption of an author, and merely sought to revenge his own failures on more successful rivals. There is the modern theory, upheld, if not suggested, by Thackeray, that the critic is generally an immature author, who jests at scars because he never felt a wound, and is prone to exaggerate the errors because he has never experienced the difficulties of serious authorship.

On this debatable ground we shall be more likely to go safely by taking a middle path. In political difficulties the boldest course is sometimes the most prudent, and nothing short of "thorough" will carry us through; but in questions of taste it is always wise to keep clear of extremes, for taste is eminently eclectic. It is quite possible for a man to become a competent critic without ever passing, or intending to pass, through the stage of authorship. It is no paradox to call criticism a very subordinate and yet a very important branch of literature, just as the constable, though of no exalted official rank, is an indispensable portion of the political framework. A man may be born with a large share of the appreciative and discriminative faculties, which may have been, as they most certainly are, capable of being largely improved by education, at the same time he may be entirely destitute of the creative and imaginative faculties, which, unless given by nature, no education can implant. Indeed, there must be such men, since the former qualities, though rare enough, are less rare than the latter. A man thus intellectually furnished can never write anything like a first-class novel or poem; indeed, he is not very likely to make the attempt; but he can criticize novels and poems to any extent.

The case of translators is analogous. We often hear it said that none but a poet can translate poetry. The assertion is plausible; but who would maintain that none but a historian can translate a historian; that it requires a Macaulay or a Merivale to render a Michelet or a Thierry? Yet the rule ought to hold good for both, if at all, although the author's temptation to improve on his original shows itself differently; the poet's alterations would be made in the text, the historian's would be expressed in notes and comments. It is unfortunate that as a musician who plays well enough to accompany nicely will seldom condescend to accompaniment, so those whose talents and education best fit them for translating are generally prone to aim at original composition. Or take a work of learning and research. The critic may be the author's superior in knowledge of the subject, yet may never think of writing such a book, either for want of the steady industry necessary, or from the press of other avocations, or even from deficiency in pecuniary means, since learned authorship in most countries is generally a rich and sometimes a very expensive luxury.

But why not give up the business of criticism to authors themselves? For various reasons. In one sense they are much too good for it—that is, the best of them are. It is cutting blocks with a razor, and putting Pegasus into harness. A man of real, original creative power is better employed in producing something himself than in criticizing the productions of others. Here again translation furnishes us with analogies. Thus it is highly probable that Tennyson might have achieved the best English version of the "Iliad" ever written, but how much better for the reading public and the world of letters that he wrote *Maud* and the *Princess*!

In other cases, they are not good enough. And the reason is twofold. In the first place, authors, like the rest of mankind, are subject to the influence of professional jealousy. In nine cases out of ten such a charge against the critic would be absurdly irrelevant. He might as well be taxed with envying a general or a congressman. The only circumstances under which a critic can be reasonably suspected of attacking an author from this motive are these: Either he has written a work on the same subject, and failed—for if he has succeeded he passes into the class of authors, as the greater takes precedence of the less—or he has a work on the same subject in contemplation, and may feel annoyed at the wind being taken out of his sails. But the author is always tempted to find another author on similar subjects a possible rival in his way.

Then, putting all bad motive out of the question, the author is less apt to

criticize fairly than the critic, because he is more apt to be one-sided. His very ability is likely to make him intense in one direction, so that he will overvalue his own method of treatment. The critic is, by profession, as it were, many-sided, a proposition which we have already expressed in other words by saying that taste is eminently eclectic. If, though one-sided, he obtains a reputation, as in Ruskin's case, it is because his excellences of style give him a position as an author independent of the value of his critical opinions. Byron strikingly illustrates both these disqualifications. The former affected his judgment of Shelley, the latter his judgment of Wordsworth.

It is often assumed that the relations of critics are only to authors, or at most to authors and the public. This is a very inadequate statement; their relations to publishers are even more important. From one point of view the publisher is the public's natural enemy, and the critic their natural protector. Now and then we find a chivalric Moxon, who publishes a whole generation of poets from pure love of poetry. But such are exceptions. Publishers, like most men, usually pursue their calling from a desire to make money by it, nor is this fact more discreditable to them than to any other class. But, like all dealers, the publisher is sometimes mistaken in the quality of his wares; he sometimes buys or agrees to print a work which would not find favor on its own merits. This want of merit he is too often tempted to supply by systematic and unblushing puffery. In this country (and England and France are no better off) there is quite as much "shoddy" literature as any other kind of deceptive goods disposed of under the falsest pretences. To take the lowest view, this is an imposition on the public. Every man who pays a dollar or two for a worthless book is directly swindled by the puffing publisher and the venal "notice-writer" who have deluded him into the purchase.

It must not be inferred from anything which has been said that we accept the ungracious theory of those who make it the critic's business always and solely to find fault. But the multitude of sham reviewers, whose chief stock in trade consists of unmeaning adulation, may well make us forget that the American critic has any laudatory functions. And at present, we believe that these are more wisely employed on subjects than on individuals. There are some branches of literature and learning (classics and general philosophy, for instance) in which the scarcity of valuable American works is deplorable, and this is in a great measure owing to the want of accomplished critics, who might awaken a public curiosity in that direction. The special branch of art-criticism has some peculiarities arising from the nature of its subject-matter. Every critic is in some sense an author—that is, he writes for publication; the art-critic may also be an artist, but it is not considered necessary that he should be in any sense. But we can only allude to this division of our subject, the proper handling of which would require a separate paper to itself.

In a new country like ours, the public mind passes through three stages before it is fully prepared to furnish or appreciate complete and well-balanced criticism. First, there is the chaotic or embryo period, when the whole energy of the people is employed in overcoming physical obstacles. Literature and art are then rare exotics, and their votaries run the risk of being considered very eccentric, if not absolutely mad. There are men enough living who recollect this stage. Then succeeds the childish age, or that of promiscuous and often silly admiration. The last stage before reaching the day of true criticism is a reaction from this, a period of indiscriminate censure. In art-criticism we seem to have arrived at the third stage, or at least to be very near it. In literature we are not yet well out of the second, though many spirited attempts have been made at intervals for thirty years or more to push us out of it; usually, as in Park Benjamin's case, for instance, they failed to make any permanent impression or meet the appreciation which they deserved. We really think that before our criticism comes to merit the name, it will have to pass through this stormy and belligerent stage, a period like that of English criticism during the first quarter of the century. The great mischief has always been that whenever our reviewers deviate from the usual and popular course of panegyric they start from and end in personality, so that the public mind is almost sure to connect unfavorable criticism with personal animosity. Any review thus inspired is worth exactly its weight in Confederate paper. The critic ought to know the author only through his book; he should have the least possible personal knowledge of him, should be ignorant (or at least affect to be ignorant) whether he is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or single, whether his grandmother was a President's sister, or his second cousin is a New York alderman. Above all, it is absolutely necessary that there should not be a shadow of personal difficulty between them. With this proviso, we believe our authors themselves would not be sorry for a little less butter and a little more pepper; we are certain it would do them good, whether they liked it or not.

CLUB LIFE.

BARELY twenty years ago that shrewd thinker and bold speaker, Fenimore Cooper, stigmatized New York society as provincial. Though expressed with unnecessary vehemence, the charge was at the time true in the main; but were our great novelist now living, he would see abundant reason for changing his opinion. And among the many symptoms of metropolitanism which our city displays, none is more striking than the multiplication of clubs. Every interest, from the highest art to the lowest sport, is already represented or preparing to represent itself in this way. Clubs actually duplicate one another, sometimes in object merely, sometimes in the name itself. It looks as if we were, to use a popular phrase, running the thing into the ground; but this very repetition and duplication are a characteristic of club life in European capitals. Herein, as in most matters, our other chief cities are following the lead of New York, and the club may now be considered a recognized feature of American town life.

We shall resist the temptation to display a little very cheap learning by going into the origin and history of clubs here and elsewhere. Our present intention is merely to show that these associations are not only natural but desirable products of advancing civilization, not a necessary evil but a necessary good.

To appreciate properly the intellectual and social effect of clubs, we should look back a moment to the period of their infancy or that just preceding their introduction. What were the resources of those classes and sets from among whom the members of our clubs are chiefly supplied? The very "Upper Ten" largely patronized balls, at which there were many tureens of oysters and baskets of champagne consumed, many waltzes and polkas danced (it was just about the epoch when Cellarius immortalized himself by inventing the latter choreographic performance), very little conversation, and that of the most frivolous. Those lords of creation who were too clumsy or too ungallant to attend balls, lounged much in the bars, reading-rooms, and ten-pin alleys of fashionable hotels. Those who were too poor or too pious for either of these luxuries, had a great habit of going to lectures, a very innocent amusement or occupation, in most cases, but not over apt to illumine or develop a man's mind.

The first and third of these practices are still in vogue. The social wants vaguely and erroneously seeking relief in the second, found that relief in club life. Every respectable club is an entelechy, bringing out into action and strengthening by mutual encouragement the independent thought, the honorable feeling, the critical acumen of its members.

We yield to no one in our affection and reverence for all that is comprised in the good old English word *home*. We could indite a panegyric on it which, however wanting in eloquence, would equal in sincerity all that the most gushing sentimentalists from Dickens down to Dr. Holland have written on the subject. But sentiment apart, it is certain that the intellectual wants of a thinking man are apt not to be satisfied within the circle of his household, even with the reinforcement of a library. The most loving and witty couple must in time exhaust each other's resources, and there are senses in which a man's children can never be his companions. Consider too the case of those unfortunates who have no homes. A state of society may indeed be imagined in which every boy marries as soon as he comes of age, and every widower as soon as he is out of mourning; we believe something of the kind does exist in portions of the West; but it is not to be looked for in a large city.

There are many things which men do not care to talk about before women. And the topics are numerous which women, however clever, are rarely fond of discussing, and more rarely qualified for discussing. To expand his intellectual self properly a man must get out of drawing-room society into some other where he can put his mind, so to speak, into shooting-coat and slippers.

But when he goes out into the mixed crowd of his fellow-citizens, he is more tongue-tied than ever. There are occasions—we have seen a few of them lately—when an American crowd is talkative and demonstrative, because the whole nation acts and speaks in it as one man; but apart from these exceptional periods, it is the last place in the world wherein to seek any kind of mental expression or development. It is brooded and shadowed over by a dim fear of that tremendous abstraction the public, sometimes reduced to the concrete of a newspaper reporter. Add to this the very uncertain manners of a large class of our population, and it is not surprising that we find among nearly all accidental assemblages a reticence and taciturnity scarcely equalled by English or Dutch exclusiveness, by Polish or Venetian distrust.

Now the club is exactly the place where a man may let out his thoughts and compare his opinions and ideas freely with those of others. He is not

afraid that a bird of the air, or a beast of the earth, may carry the matter. Club men do not tell tales out of school. In this respect (as in some other important ones, such as talking to ladies and about ladies), American gentlemen are among the most honorable on earth. The composition of a club is generally such that its members have common ground enough to meet on and differences enough to argue about. And the material and food for meditation and discussion are always at hand—the chief specimens of periodic literature, native and foreign, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly. Few men are rich enough to buy all these; no man, however rich, would care to litter up his house with them all. Some of them he may not read once in ten numbers, but he wishes to have the chance of seeing every number. He may indeed find them at a reading room, but there he gets only a benefit of reading without talk, while at the club the latter naturally flows out of and is suggested by the former. At the same time, while the club is the place where most newspapers are read, it is the place where individual opinion is most independent of newspapers—the only place, we must say, where they are brought to their just level. Reading and comparing so many journals, club-men correct one by another, and criticize them all. Referring occasionally to the foreign article, they can better judge the weak points of the domestic. And this is no small recommendation of clubs. When we consider the immense power of the press, and its frequent abuse, it is well that there should be some circles not under its absolute dominion.

And while clubs develop the intellectual character of their members, they do so without forming petty cliques and *camaraderies*. The club is too large a body to be at the mercy of any one man or any few men. Mutual admiration societies do not find their origin there.

There is no lack of fancy learning and high scholarship at our clubs. The erudition of the members does not bristle out like that of Bostonians, but is hid in odd holes and corners, and flashes forth when you least expect it. You shall find a lion of the trotting turf who is an authority on mediæval Latin, and a crack billiard player who is great at annotating Virgil.

The direct political influence of our clubs is not, we believe, in proportion to their intellectual power. That tremendous agency which has left to this day such reminiscences on the European continent, that, in some places, the very name of club is forbidden by authority, does not so readily associate itself with the name in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Political bodies are more properly designated as *leagues* or *societies*; and those clubs which were distinctly instituted for political ends, however well adapted to promote their special purpose, are failures as clubs. For the essence of the club, as we understand it, is variety; that of the political league, unity.

We have said nothing of the obvious physical advantages. If an American takes his ease anywhere, it is at his club. But there is one set of mortals to whom these privileges are peculiarly grateful. Our readers may have heard of the Can't-get-away Club—a cant expression for those whom business of any kind detains to swelter in town during the whole or the greater part of our long summer. The members of this mythical body derive their chief comfort and support from the real associations to which they belong. His club is to such a man what Hector was to Andromache, "father and lady mother, brother and blooming spouse."

The picture would not be complete without some shadows. We cannot altogether pass over in silence the objections sometimes urged against clubs. Curious women are apt to suspect that something very wrong may be going on where they are not admitted. Curious donkeys are apt to think that something very wrong must be going on where they are not admitted. It is said that club life encourages dissipation of various sorts, to wit: drinking, smoking, and gambling, and generally that it disposes men to a life of selfish luxury, while their mothers and sisters are battling with Bridget or Barbara at home.

That the club men of New York are not generally aquarians may be acknowledged at once. But—terrible as is the tableau of social depravity which the admission involves—we are constrained to avow our conviction that a decided majority of all classes of Gothamites (except, perhaps, the clergy) are in the same bond of iniquity.

Of smoking there is too much at clubs—and where is there not? The artist smokes in his studio, the editor in his sanctum, the parson not unfrequently in his study, the merchant in his counting-house, the lawyer in his office, the groom at his stable-door, the out-door laborer at his work, the very soldier on parade, the model husband in the bosom of his family, and we have known cases in the best society where the wife herself smoked, in self-defence, as it were. Nothing illustrates the power of the city railroad companies better than the fact that they are able to expel the practice from the inside of their cars, some of them allow it on the platform. We may partially console ourselves with the reflection that there are people farther gone than ourselves, for (rejecting as apocryphal the stories of Dutchmen who smoke

in their sleep) the Havanese light up in their opera-house during the *entr'actes*. Men do not *learn* to smoke at clubs, and the man smoking at a club annoys fewer people than he would almost anywhere else, out of doors or in.

In some cities clubs are thoroughly infected with gambling. It is emphatically so in Paris. The only American institution ever naturalized in the metropolis of pleasure was the noble game of poker—*pocaire*, as the Parisians call it. The manner of its introduction was curious. The growth of the evil, and the menace of legal interference, obliged the Parisian clubs to interdict games of pure chance, or in which chance largely predominated, and, as it was a mooted point what constituted a game of this description, a detailed list of the forbidden fruit was drawn up with the approval of the ubiquitous "authorities." Of course, no one thought of putting poker into the list, for nobody had ever heard of it; so, when the little stranger arrived fresh from the Western wilds, the Parisian gamblers seized on it as a god-send.

Most happily such is not our case. There is a great deal of whist and billiards played in the clubs of New York; but whist and billiards, as American gentlemen play them, are not gambling games.

As to the charge that a man is luxuriously selfish because he dines better at a club than he could do habitually in a private house or a boarding-house, we deem this a favorable opportunity for enunciating a great proposition too often lost sight of, namely, that the principle of true democracy and progress is to *level up, not down*; to help all along, and put none back. If through paucity of cooks and deficiency of culinary knowledge all cannot be properly fed, it is better that some should be than none. If Smith eats a better dinner at his club than his mother and sister can get at home, the remedy is not to deprive him of his good dinner, but by judicious use of M. Biot and any other attainable means, to try and provide that his mother and sister shall also dine well.

There is, however, one point in which our club life is defective; it is not sufficiently economical. In London, the city of clubs *par excellence*, economy is one of the first recommendations of club life. Here this essential feature has been almost lost sight of. Our oldest club has long been famous for providing its members with better and *dearer* dinners than Delmonico prepares. Frequently the provender department is farmed out to a restaurateur. When it is not, and also in the case of articles dispensed by the club steward, the leading idea seems to be not so much to furnish the members at cost price as to increase the finances with a view to some future expenditure. Now a man of limited means naturally desires some immediate pecuniary return for his annual dues. He does not want to pay fifty or sixty dollars annually in order that ten years hence the club may have a new building further up town, but in order that he may breakfast and dine more cheaply, as well as more comfortably, than at a hotel. This, however, is only a natural result of national extravagance. Club life has been expensive because everything was. The taxes are giving several lessons of economy and frugality; we presume that the clubs will not be slow to learn them.

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT TO WASHINGTON.

[This story has been already told, and well told, by Theodore Winthrop. The following letter, however, derives an interest of its own from the fact that it was written by another distinguished member of the regiment, then a private, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who fell at Fort Wagner].

ANNAPOLIS, Tuesday, April 23, 1861.

DEAR ———:—You have probably received the note I wrote you from New York the day before we left. Our march down Broadway was a thing I shall never forget. The crowd and the enthusiasm were tremendous—the people would hardly let us pass, actually catching hold of our hands and slapping us on the back, yelling and screaming like wild men. At every station along the road up to 3 o'clock in the morning, we were received with cheers and booming of cannon. We went to Philadelphia by rail, and from there by the steamer *Boston* to this town, where we landed at 6 o'clock last night, and are quartered in the Naval School. About 800 Massachusetts men are here too, so with them and the students, making nearly 2,000 men, we can drive off any who venture to make an attack upon us here. We had beautiful weather on board—if it had been rough, we should have had a fearful time, as we were piled together like pigs on the two upper decks and in the lower cabins, filling the boat entirely. Our food was not very satisfactory, as the rations we had with us were pretty old, and the meat furnished on board was very horse-y. We were short of water at last.

When we arrived, we found the Massachusetts men all run aground by the pilot, whom they immediately put in irons and wanted to kill; he is a secessionist. They had been trying to get off for three days, and our boat got them off at last. General Butler, their commander, is an energetic, cursing and swearing old fellow. As soon as they got ashore, he sent a com-

pany into the town, took possession of the railroad station, and set his men to work laying down the rails, which had been torn up by the secessionists. He says "he'll be d——d if he's going to be stopped by a lot of Maryland men." There is an old fellow among them with ten sons, all shoemakers, who say they have "no work for so long, they are going to lick those chaps into buying the shoes."

More than half the Massachusetts men were without water for two days, and had only two crackers *pro die* for some time. They are in all sorts of uniforms; they are principally fishermen from Marblehead, and shoemakers from Lynn, and look upon the men here with about as much respect as we would accord to a toad.

This is a lovely place, and the weather is magnificent. We had a parade this morning, and the "middles" had one in the afternoon. All the evening our band has been playing under the trees—we hear the national airs, and look at the "stars and stripes" with new emotions. There are about 120 midshipmen at the school, twenty or thirty Southerners having resigned. The youngest class is kept aboard the *Constitution*, school-ship, and the others give here. They are all dressed in dark navy-cloth, well-fitting jacket and trousers, with pistol and sword in their belt. The dress sets off their figures very well, and they give the impression of a remarkably fine-looking body of young men. There are rumors that we start for Washington to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, April 23.

We arrived here at noon to-day, and dined in detachments at the different hotels in the city, and so had our first regular meal since leaving New York—crackers and salt beef, in not very large quantities, having composed our rations hitherto. We had three hours' sleep on Tuesday night, and since then have not shut our eyes, having been under way from 4 P.M. Wednesday. We had to proceed very slowly, as there was so much work to be done on the railroad. Our regiment and the Massachusetts men under Butler have the honor of opening and taking possession of the Annapolis Railroad for the Government. I shall write you a detailed account soon, but am in a great hurry now, as we are just going into quarters.

April 26.

Just after writing to you at Annapolis, our company (6) got orders to fill their water-canteens, and be ready to receive three days' rations, as we were to start at 4 o'clock the next morning. We turned in to get a little sleep, but had hardly got our blankets about us when all the drums of the regiment began to beat, and our officers came rushing in and bundled us all out on to the parade-ground. All the "middles" and every man of our regiment turned out, ready for a fight, and the four howitzers were hauled up and down the brick-walks like mad. It didn't take long to get us all ready, as every one had his belt and accoutrements on. The sentinels had seen sky-rockets and heard guns in the bay and along shore, and we thought we were going to be attacked by a large force, but it turned out to be eleven steamers with New York and Rhode Island troops; so, after standing for some time under arms, we returned to our quarters in the recitation rooms all over the buildings. By this time it was nearly midnight, and the rations were ready, so we had to fall into line to receive and pack them in our provision boxes. This took an hour for our company, and we didn't lie down until 2 o'clock. We were aroused again at 4, and having everything in readiness, were soon out on the green. We then found that Company 2 and Company 6 (ours) were to start for the Junction as advance-guard, and the others were to follow at 9 A.M. We considered this a great honor, and stepped off through the town for the railroad in good spirits, waking up all the people as we went. At the station we found the Massachusetts company which had taken possession. There was an old engine out of order, and half-a-dozen cars. A man had stepped up the night before, and said he could put it in order, because he had helped to build it. It came from New England of course. Another man jumped on when it was mended, got up the steam, and in a little while we were ready to start, so we packed our knapsacks into one car, and set off in the other. The Massachusetts boys had been laying the track where it was torn up, for about a mile ahead, during the night, having in the meantime had nothing to eat, to which they appeared to have got quite accustomed, for they were almost famished on board their steamer, and some of them actually drank salt-water. When we had gone about a mile by rail, we had to get out, as the track was torn up in many places. We left our knapsacks on the train, which went back for the luggage of the rest of our men, while we trudged forward under a fearfully hot sun with muskets loaded, and cartridge-boxes full, ready for a brush at any moment. We had scouts and skirmishers all around and about us, for we had been positively assured that we should be attacked by a large body of cavalry. Not a shot was fired, however; though, as we saw principally only women and negroes, it made the reports of a body of men being assembled somewhere on the road seem true. We marched slowly along, pushing our

howitzers on two baggage-cars, and stopping again and again to lay rails and make repairs on the road. A length, about 2 o'clock, we came to a halt, and waited for the main body to come up, working meantime on a bridge which had been completely broken down, helped all the while by the Massachusetts boys, with whom we divided our rations, gaining thereby their enthusiastic admiration. Neither they nor we could have got through without each other's assistance, for though they did a great deal of the labor, our officers directed the building of the bridge, etc., and we fed them from our knapsacks. They arrived at Washington the day after us, and we all (being off duty) rushed out and cheered them, and they never let us go by now without clapping and hurrahing. They are rough fellows, but of the best kind. When the rest of our men had got up to where we stopped, and we had all rested and taken a nip at our crackers and beef (six crackers and three pieces of dried beef for three days), we started off again, our two companies still in advance as scouts; but we had to wait until 6 P.M. before the bridge was mended. In the mean while we had some very nice singing, patriotic songs being preferred, and at last got our howitzers over the bridge, and trudged along under a clear sky and splendid moon. But four hours' sleep the night before and four or six a night since we left New York, had not been sufficient to keep up our strength. However, we went on and on as before, stopping every half hour and starting again, pushing and pulling our old baggage-cars sometimes up some very steep grades. Gradually, as time wore on, the men began to lie down every time we stopped, in larger and larger numbers, until at last every one who was not at work was catching a sort of a nap by the roadside. We had scouts out, as I said before, so we should have been warned in time of any enemy, but I don't believe it would have been possible to keep the men on their feet unless there had been an enemy really in sight. We actually fell asleep standing up, and scores of men would drop their pieces and just catch themselves as they were toppling over. We went through all sorts of defiles, where the Marylanders might have pounced upon us with great advantage, but though we had good evidence of their being about, from fresh tracks and newly-torn up rails, they took good care to keep well out of our way. I suppose they were frightened by our numbers, and by the fact of there being 7,000 troops on board the steamers at Annapolis. We went into several farm-houses along the road, and were treated very well. We paid for everything we got, which pleased the people amazingly, for they expected, so they told me, to be robbed. We hear now that other regiments which have come through since have acted in a different manner, shooting pigs and chickens, and taking forcible possession of what they wanted. I don't know how much of the report is true—but the people couldn't expect much else, after trying to run us off the track on the very edge of a high precipice. At daybreak, 4.30, we came to a halt about two miles from the Junction, perfectly overcome with sleep, shivering with cold, and a good many of us grumbling in quite a mutinous way. We built a dozen large fires, for the night air had gone through and through us (we had moved so slowly), and stood about them cogitating on the gloomy prospect before us. Provisions all gone; a good chance of having to march to Washington, 20 miles farther, as we heard no train had come up to the Junction for us, and the expectation of being attacked in a little while, before we could get any rest. But some of us ventured off, being well armed, and got breakfast at a farm house near. The lady of the house was a really pretty, nice woman, and though she seemed frightened at first was soon reassured, and furnished us with hoe-cake, pork, bread and butter, potatoes, coffee, tea, and milk, in abundance. This worked a wonderful change in us, and we took an entirely new view of life. Getting back to camp, we found a party had been up to the Junction, found a train ready for us, and the coast clear. The men were lying about the road and field in the most ridiculous positions, having fallen asleep where they dropped, and the air was filled with snorings in every key and of every variety. Soon we fell into line, marched two miles farther, got on to the train, and whirled on to Washington. The nodding and snoring went briskly on for an hour in the cars, and then we all turned out for a parade just as we were, covered with dust and with our blankets slung over our shoulders. We parted with the "National Rifles," a Washington company that had gone up to the Junction to meet us, and then marched straight up to the "White House" and through the grounds, where the President and family stood at the doors and saw us go by; we were then distributed at the different hotels in companies. That evening we marched up to the Capitol and were quartered in the "House of Representatives," where we each have a desk, and an easy chair to sleep in, but we generally prefer the floor and our blankets, as the last eight days' experience has accustomed us to hard beds. The Capitol is a magnificent building, and the men all take the greatest pains not to harm anything. Jeff Davis shan't get it without trouble. Troops from New England are quartered all over it. We have a great deal of fun here, but I have no doubt we are the best behaved Con-

gress that has been in session for a good while, though we were waked up this morning by cock-crows, cats, dogs, and cows all howling together. They give us our liberty about the grounds, but don't let us out often, and then only a few at a time. The lights are put out at 10 P.M., and the drums beat at 5 A.M. Those who are not waked up by the latter are soon aroused by the racket and rumpus.

April 27.

Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock we had a grand parade, and were all sworn into the service of the United States Government. It was a very impressive scene, as we all held up our hands and repeated the oath after the magistrate. We are Uncle Sam's men now for the next 30 days. The President stood out in front of us, looking as pleasant and kind as possible, and took off his hat when we presented arms. I couldn't help thinking of the immense responsibility he has on his shoulders as he stood there laughing and talking. We drill every morning in companies, and parade every afternoon. While we are stationed here, we take our meals at the hotels, but we shall soon go into camp, and have to take care of our own cooking.

A STRANGE STORY.*

IN the form of a letter addressed to Major-General Butler, dated at New York, January 4, 1865, but only recently published, the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, chaplain of the First New York Volunteer Engineers, makes an interesting statement of facts, which we shall give partly in the words of the author and in part condense.

Before going to the seat of war in February, 1862, Mr. Hudson entered into an engagement with Mr. Godwin, of the New York *Evening Post*, to write for that paper. While in the Department of the South, under Generals Hunter, Mitchel, and Gillmore, he made this arrangement known to them. Soon after landing at Bermuda Hundred, in May, 1864, he informed General Butler's Provost-Marshal of his engagement with the *Post*, and enquired whether there were any restrictions upon or regulations concerning newspaper correspondence; understanding the Provost-Marshal to say that there were none, he continued to write for the paper under the signature "Loyalty," besides writing occasional private letters to Mr. Godwin. One of these private letters, containing an account of General Butler's defeat near Drury's Bluff, appeared in great part in the *Evening Post* for May 24. It was printed without any signature, the editor introducing it with "a sort of voucher for its authenticity." On the 29th of May, Mr. Hudson was ordered to New York on special duty by General Gillmore, for the purpose of superintending the publication of some official documents, the General promising to send to the publisher for Mr. Hudson instructions as to what he was to do. Having received news the night before that his son was dangerously ill, he also received permission from General Gillmore to visit his family in Massachusetts. His son died the first week in June; his wife, broken down by grief and care, was ill nearly all the summer—so ill that at one time she was hardly expected to live; he was also very much out of health himself, from the effect of a bilious intermittent fever contracted while on duty in South Carolina. No instructions came to him through the publisher, and General Gillmore being relieved of the command of the Tenth Army Corps, Mr. Hudson was no longer subject to his order.

Early in July, receiving an order from General Butler remanding him to his regiment, he called on his colonel, who happened to be in the city, to know where the headquarters were, in order to report there. Colonel Serrell replied, in effect, that he could not tell, and that the regiment was so scattered that "he did not know but he was as much the headquarters as anywhere." "The next day," Mr. Hudson says, "I learned that my wife was a good deal worse; and being somewhat perplexed as to my duty, I ventured to return to my family, where I was soon after so prostrated with illness as to be unable to travel. Owing to these causes, I was delayed from day to day, till I became discouraged, and resolved to offer my resignation. Accordingly I went to New York, and on the first of September, handed my resignation to Colonel Serrell, who said he would forward it to you [General Butler], and that he thought there was no need of my going on to the seat of war." But General Butler was evidently determined that he should return to the army, and on the 13th of September the following telegram was received in New York:

"BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS, Sept. 13, 1864.

"To Colonel Serrell, 57 West Washington Place:

"Find Chaplain Hudson, of your regiment, who has been ordered to report to his regiment, and has failed to obey the order. Take his parole in writing forthwith to appear at these headquarters: if he fails to give his

* "A Chaplain's Campaign with Gen. Butler." New York. 1865. 8vo, pp. 66, pamphlet.

parole, have him sent here to me under guard. Your special attention is called to the executing of this order.

(Signed)

"B. F. BUTLER, Major-General."

Hastening to obey the order, Mr. Hudson reached the army on the nineteenth, and at once had an interview with the commanding general. The latter first taxed him with being absent without leave, but on hearing his explanation turned at once to another subject, the letter published in the *Evening Post*, before referred to, criticizing the operations near Bermuda Hundred. Apparently confident in the belief that the information contained in it had been furnished by General Gillmore, and determined to force a confession of this from Mr. Hudson, he proceeded to do so in a manner which is, to say the least, unusual in examinations of subordinate officers by their superiors; he repeatedly denounced General Gillmore as "a liar" and a "damned scoundrel," and told Mr. Hudson in one case that what he said was "a lie, sir!" "a damned lie!"

But it was impossible for Mr. Hudson to say that the information furnished him came from General Gillmore, as all the statements in his letter with regard to General Butler's defeat had been derived from Colonel Serrell and other officers of the regiment. This he stated. The interview, which must have been a long one, was closed by General Butler's ordering Mr. Hudson under arrest. He was handed over to Captain Watson, commandant of the headquarters guard, was carried to the provost guard prison, and placed in a magazine tent. The nature of this imprisonment is best described in his own words. "This was a tent nearly filled with open boxes of powder and other explosive ammunition, or what seemed such, and among the rest a considerable heap of large shell, charged, as the captain said, with Greek fire. There was little more than vacant room enough for me to lie down, and that was close beside the heap of loaded shell. The captain cautioned me not to allow a spark of fire in the tent, and especially not to disturb the shell, lest they should explode and blow me up. What may have been the motive of this warning I cannot say, but it had the effect of the most studied inhumanity: I could not help being in continual apprehension lest some unlucky step of mine should set the shell a-tumbling; but I found out afterwards that they would bear much rougher handling than I had been led to suppose."

After two days Mr. Hudson—a clergyman, be it remembered, in the service of his country, in feeble health—was carried to a guard-house, which appears to have gone by the name of the "Bull-pen," where he was confined together with rebel prisoners and the offscourings of the army, and suffered many hardships, of which the impossibility of escaping from vermin was by no means the least. "It was nearly dark when Captain Watson got me housed in the prison. The weather was more than cool; the ground in the tent was so wet as to be almost muddy, and there I was left without a rag of a blanket to put under me, or over me, and with nothing to lie on but some barrel staves, spread out on the ground. I had told the captain that I was somewhat out of health, and rather old [Mr. Hudson's age is fifty-one years] for such hardships, and had asked him to procure me a blanket or two, offering to pay for them. He said he would try to do so; I waited, but no blanket came. At last a corporal of the guard, a very civil, kind-hearted man, named Jones, managed to borrow me a single blanket, which I wrapped round my shoulders, and spent most of the night in walking to and fro over the square of ground in front of my tent, not being allowed to walk beyond it. Even at that I shivered through hour after hour till near morning, when the same gentle corporal took me out to the cook-house, and let me sit by the stove and warm myself. The corporal seemed fearful lest these deeds of charity should come to the knowledge of his officers." The return of day did not improve his condition.

He requested to have his trunk, and was told, first, that he should have it; then, that it had disappeared and had probably been reshipped down the river, a statement which he discovered afterwards to have been false; he was told that he might send unsealed letters in for examination and that they would be either forwarded to their address or returned to him; the promise was not kept; he might have found ways to supply himself with wholesome food, but he was "not allowed at first to speak with any but officers of the guard, and these were all afraid to do anything for me, or let anything be done."

Such was his treatment during the first three days after reporting at headquarters. Meanwhile, some members of his regiment received news of his situation, and soon found means of supplying several comforts of which he was much in need.

Sunday, the 25th of September, had been appointed by the President as a day of general thanksgiving for Union victories, and Mr. Hudson requested

permission to hold religious services in the prison on that day. The application came back to him with the following endorsement:

"Respectfully returned. By military usage, an officer under arrest on charge cannot exercise any of the duties of his office. Such permission would be a virtual release from arrest. That your functions are of a high and sacred nature, should have made you more careful in getting under arrest for absence without leave; the penalty of which is reduction to the ranks.

(Signed)

"BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding."

This was the first authentic notice Mr. Hudson received that he was under arrest on charges for absence without leave. Nothing of importance appears to have transpired after this until, having spent some four or five days in the bull-pen, he was visited by Colonel Serrell. "Colonel Serrell came to me, and said he had been having a long talk with you [General Butler] about me. *That you disclaimed all hard feelings towards me; had no wish to injure me; desired to save me from a court-martial. That you thought I had better write out for you a statement of my case, covering the main points which had come up in our interview; as this might open the way for a settlement without a trial. That if a trial were had, it would be mainly with a view to bring out what I knew about General Gillmore; and you advised me, in that case, to plead guilty to all the charges and specifications, as I would fare better by doing so than by attempting any defence. That, as for my absence without leave, you did not consider this, in the circumstances, any great offence; while the fact of my having been all along a known and allowed correspondent of the press left you little cause against me on that score.*" Colonel Serrell is charged with acting, whether consciously or blindly, as General Butler's decoy. The above quotation gives the gist of what he said; the main purpose being to induce the prisoner to "come out and make a clean breast of it" with regard to General Gillmore. The means used, according to Mr. Hudson's account, were a promise on the General's part to stand his friend in case he criminated General Gillmore; an implied threat to punish him as severely as possible if he did not.

He now drew up a statement of the facts in his case, which he sent with many misgivings to General Butler. His apprehensions proved well founded. Week after week passed away, and no charges were made. Meanwhile Colonel Serrell wrote several notes, expressing a lively interest in his misfortunes, inquiring whether any progress had been made in the matter, and saying that General Butler had promised to take it up and dispose of it; but nothing came of this, and an order was issued for the removal of prisoners to a new bull-pen, six miles distant. Worn out with suffering and anxiety, Mr. Hudson was compelled to walk these six miles. The new prison proved even worse than the old one; "the enclosure being much smaller, and crowded with men of the worst description; the ground, too, being so level that it was impossible to keep my quarters from being flooded whenever there was any considerable fall of rain." "It was an uncleaned stable, the beasts having lately been taken out to make room for us men; such a place, in fact, as, at that season, no good farmer would think of keeping his cattle in." To add to the misery of such an imprisonment, Mr. Hudson was kept there from week to week, while the others were in general confined there but for a short time. That these were no fancied horrors, but real sufferings, and so considered by other men, is shown by an expression of Captain Watson's, when, some time after his release, Mr. Hudson asked if he knew that his orders had been illegal. He knew it perfectly, he said; but even protesting against the execution of orders on such grounds would have been sufficient reason for sending him to the bull-pen; and in reply to another question as to the choice between a clear conscience and such imprisonment, answered very candidly, "Oh! I don't want to be in there, anything but that!"

On the 8th of November, having been held in confinement for fifty days, he was placed in the guard-house, an improvement no doubt on the bull-pen, although the noise here was such as made sleep almost impossible. But the end of his troubles was near at hand. On the 8th inst., General Butler being absent on special duty in New York, Mr. Hudson addressed an application for release to General Terry, then in temporary command of the troops on the field, grounding his application on the fact that he had been kept a close prisoner for fifty days, and that "the law is very clear and positive that in case of any officer thus under arrest, the arrest shall cease at the end of forty-eight days." On the 10th inst., General Terry returned an answer, stating that "your arrest was made by General Butler, as commanding officer of the Department; and it would be manifestly improper for General Terry, or any one not acting as Department commander, to give any order in relation to it." On the 8th inst., however, General Butler, influenced by motives which may be guessed at, but are not known, wrote to

General Terry from New York, directing him to issue the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE JAMES, Nov. 8, 1864.

"SPECIAL ORDER NO. —

"Chaplain Henry N. Hudson, having remained under arrest for some time because of the impossibility of convening a court-martial to try him, because of movements in the field, is released from close arrest, and will report to his regiment for duty; but will upon no pretence leave it."

Mr. Hudson states that notwithstanding this alleged impossibility, a court-martial was in session during a large part of the very time at army headquarters, which tried persons whose arrest was subsequent to his; and points out the incongruity of this order to report to his regiment for duty with the endorsement on his application for leave to perform service in prison, "Such permission would be a virtual release from arrest." General Terry's order, issued in pursuance of General Butler's instructions, reached him on the 11th of November, and after remaining a "sort of prisoner" in his regimental camp till the middle of December, he received orders to report in person at the Lieutenant-General's headquarters. General Grant gave him leave of absence, and he tells his readers in a postscript, that when General Butler was relieved, charges were preferred against him for the first time; that no copy was ever served on him; that although he has tried, he has never been able to find a copy; that he learns on good authority that these charges were ante-dated several days, and that on the 26th of January, his leave having expired, he returned to his regiment, where he remained till the day on which the postscript was written, still waiting to hear from General Butler.

The only criticism on the conduct of General Butler which we propose to make are the following quotations from the Articles of War and a recent Act of Congress:

Art. 77. "Whenever any officer shall be charged with a crime, he shall be arrested and confined in his barracks, quarters, or tent."

By Section 11 of an Act of Congress approved July 17, 1862, it was enacted that "whenever an officer shall be put under arrest, except at remote military posts or stations, it shall be the duty of the officer by whose orders he is arrested to see that a copy of the charges on which he has been arrested and is to be tried shall be served upon him within eight days thereafter, and that he shall be brought to trial within ten days thereafter, unless the necessities of the service prevent such trial; and then he shall be brought to trial within thirty days after the expiration of the said ten days, or the arrest shall cease: *Provided*, that if the copy of the charges be not served upon the arrested officer, as herein provided, the arrest shall cease."

Mr. Hudson's pamphlet is so badly written that criticism upon its literary style would be thrown away; but the facts which he states are so important, the charges he makes so grave, that General Butler will find himself obliged, if we are not much mistaken, to attempt at least a defence. The fact that our army will always be in the main a volunteer army, renders it all the more necessary that the rules formed by Congress for its government should literally be obeyed by all, high and low; the fact, too, that every case of arrest and imprisonment under martial law is likely to form a precedent, renders it necessary that no case whose legality is doubtful should be allowed to drop out of sight simply because the war is over.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THE publishing trade has rarely afforded less signs of action, even in the deepest depression of war times, than at present. The season of the year, and an unwillingness to undertake large enterprises on a falling market for labor and materials, may partly account for this seeming inaction. We believe it indeed to be more apparent than real, and that preparations are quietly making for a very active fall business campaign, though announcements yet are few; Messrs. Appleton & Co., however, hold out the promise of some good books, as Mr. Leekie's spirited and entertaining work, "The Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," and Merivale's Boyle Lectures on the "Conversion of the Roman Empire," a necessary companion to their highly successful edition of his "History of the Emperors." Messrs. Harper seem satisfied with supplying the current demand for light reading by bringing out in rapid succession the best modern novels. They have lately commenced the introduction to American readers of the last successful English lady novelist, Miss Annie Thomas, who bids fair to rival Miss Braddon in popular favor. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have done little else of late than manipulate into new shapes the papers of their magazine, have just entered earnestly into the work of supplying the best poetical literature at the cheapest possible price in their "Companion-Poets for the People," and also announce some sterling books, as Mathew Arnold's "Essays on Criticism," Grote's "Plato," and the work of a new poet—so highly praised in England—"Atalanta in Calydon," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. are occupied with new editions of their successful impressions of Lord Derby's "Homer's Iliad" and Forsyth's "Life of Cicero." They have also in press the second volume of "Lange's Commentary on the New Testament," containing Mark and Luke, translated by Professor Shedd, and Dr. Philip Schaff, the editor of the series. They will also bring out this fall a work on the "Early History and Doctrine of the Christian Church," by Professor Fisher of Yale College, and "The Life of Professor Benjamin Silliman," including his diaries and correspondence with scientific men of both hemispheres from the commencement of the century. In holiday literature, requiring from its nature a lengthened preparation, there are some signs of movement. The house just mentioned, Scribner & Co., are forwarding for this purpose an illustrated edition of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night;" "The Book of Rubies," a beautifully printed selection of the best English amatory poetry; and "Christian Armor," an allegorical work, richly illuminated. Messrs. Bunce & Huntington are busy on "The Festival of Song," a poetical gathering of English verse, illustrated by the artists of the American National Academy; and Mr. Carleton will bring out a finely embellished edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay." These are a few of the current notes of progress that will rapidly increase on us as the season advances.

—Professor Von Sybel, the German historian of the French Revolution, a translation of whose work is announced for publication by Mr. Murray, has done good service to historical truth by detecting the forgery of two series of letters between Marie Antoinette and her mother the Empress Maria Theresa, recently edited in Paris by Count Hunolstein, and M. Feuillet de Conches. This correspondence attracted much attention and was elaborately noticed in the leading English reviews. No suspicion of its authenticity appeared to have been entertained in France. We have not met with the particulars of the investigation, but it is said that there is little doubt that the whole are mere fabrications. Since the wholesale forgeries of French memoirs, as those of Mmes. Dubarry and Crequi and M. Fouché some years since, and the more recent batch of spurious Byron, Shelley, and Keats papers in London, we have heard little of attempts at falsifying the sources of history. The universal prevalence of the critical spirit and faculty must render success in these base attempts more and more difficult.

—Thanks to the increased interest felt in things American, and the active competition of American literary agents in London, most of the original works of any consequence produced in the United States are regularly introduced among the English book trade. They generally meet with special attention from the reviews, and, it is not too much to say, are often noticed with far more critical discrimination (bating some occasional flippancy) than is exercised on them at home. The most fastidious of periodicals, the *Saturday Review*, finishes a genial critique of Dr. Beecher's "Autobiography," lately published by Messrs. Harper, by saying "his biography, chiefly drawn up in his own vigorous and homely language, is full of those touches which bespeak an original, hearty, and vigorously upright nature; uncouth, it is true, and lacking in the higher points of cultivation and refinement—yet winning upon us, in its honest and unaffected roughness, infinitely beyond

the more artificial and ostentatious graces which are seen in the rising generation of luminaries in the religious firmament of America."

—A bibliographical monograph is now printing at the Riverside Press of Mr. Houghton that will probably exceed in accuracy and elegance of execution any work in that branch of literature yet published. It is devoted to Columbus and his writings, more especially those rarest of all typographical gems, the "Letters" descriptive of his discoveries in the western hemisphere. The author is M. Henri Harisse, a foreign "savant" naturalized among us, and conspicuous for his philological attainments. The libraries of our great book-collectors, as Messrs. Lenox, Barlow, and John Carter Brown (of Providence), have been thrown open to him with their often unique contents, and no existing source of information has been neglected. The illustrations will chiefly consist of photographs of the rare original editions, and several impressions of these letters, imperfectly known or incorrectly described by previous bibliographers, will be here ascertained and characterized with scientific accuracy. The number of copies printed of this sumptuous work will be very small, certainly not exceeding fifty; and the whole will be distributed as presents to public libraries, etc., at home and abroad. Encouraged by the success of his researches undertaken in the prosecution of the above-mentioned work, M. Harisse has also made considerable progress in a "Bibliotheca Americana Primordia," including every work on this continent printed previously to the year 1550. This will be beautifully got up with *fac-similes*, etc., though on a less expensive scale than the Columbus monograph—a small edition will be published by subscription through Messrs. Geo. P. Philes & Co., of Nassau Street.

—Every reader of Sydney Smith must remember his exquisitely humorous review of Waterton's "Wanderings in South America." By the last European steamer came the news of the decease of the author, "a Roman Catholic gentleman of Yorkshire, of good fortune, who, averse to passing his life at balls and assemblies, and seized at an early age with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly, has preferred living with Indians and monkeys in the forests of Guiana." So little had he suffered from tropical exposures, that, fifty years after the date of his wanderings, he died from the result of an accident in his eighty-fourth year. As a practical naturalist, Mr. Waterton stands high; few had so intimate a knowledge of ornithology, his favorite branch of science, and few have had equal advantages for pursuing it with the Squire of Walton Hall, his ancestral home, seated on an island in a lake which had stood a siege by the Roundheads in the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Mr. Waterton's whole domain was sacred to his favorite birds. There everything that wore feathers was welcome, and might "lead unmolested lives and die of age," no gun being allowed as far as the proprietor's influence extended. To see "the earth cumbered and the winged air dark't with plumes" was his dear delight, and when his favorites submitted to the common lot, they still had value for one who was acknowledged to be "the best stuffer of birds in the world." The museum at Walton Hall is famous for its choice specimens; to some of the more ugly animals the names of prominent Protestant reformers were attached, and one gorilla was made to resemble Martin Luther! A thorough humorist—following out a favorite pursuit regardless of any obstacle—Mr. Waterton was a kindly old gentleman of almost childlike simplicity. He wrote well and vigorously. His "Wanderings" were the success of the season forty years ago, and his "Autobiography," published in connection with some sketches of natural history, is an interesting and genuine outline of a singular career.

—Inquiry is being made respecting the fate of Mr. Buckle's manuscripts by some of the admirers of that historian. It was stated by a friend and fellow-traveller, at the time of his death, that "great parts of the special History of Civilization existed ready for publication," and also that his commonplace books, with their immensely varied collections and material of all kinds for the history, were expressly left for publication by the writer, in case of the non-completion of the work. Mr. Buckle has been dead three years, but no announcement of his posthumous writings has yet been made.

—The passion for the works of the great landscape painter, J. W. M. Turner, is far from dying out in England, as many predicted it would when the writings of his great encomiast, Ruskin, began to be more soberly estimated. At the late sale of the stock of Messrs. Colnaghi, the print-sellers, a copy of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," originally published, we believe, at seven guineas, brought four hundred and fifty pounds. It was one of the finest copies known, with corrected proofs, etc., by the artist himself.

—A good illustration of the sympathetic power exerted by a common interest in a literary work was given at a political meeting at Chester, where Mr. W. H. Gladstone, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently made his *début*. The audience was noisy and unruly, interrupting the youthful

speaker a good deal. He possessed, however, tact and perseverance; and when—commenting on the unwillingness of the opposition to allow that the prosperity of the country was attributable to the financial measures of the Government—he compared them to Job Trotter, in "Pickwick," who, when he did not wish to see Mr. Weller, "looked up the lawn and down the lawn and up to the sky and down to his boots, and everywhere but straight before him," the quotation finally won the crowd, who cried out, "Go on, my boy," and "Bravo!" in ecstasies. At the same meeting Mr. Gladstone, with unaccustomed conciseness, happily condensed and contrasted in one sentence the creed of the Liberals with that of their opponents—the one, "The principle of trust in the people, only relieved by prudence;" the other, "Mistrust in the people, only relieved by fear."

—The Rev. T. D. Maurice finds vent for his superabundant energy in various ways that a few years since would have been considered serious breaches of the clerical "proprieties." *Apropos* to the coming election, he has just announced a course of seven lectures "On the Representation of the People, and how it is connected with the Education of the People," to be given at the Working-men's College, in Great Ormond Street. He is understood to be in favor of the representation of *ideas* rather than of bare numerical majorities. Mr. Maurice's writings are almost numerous enough to form a small library, but have hitherto met with only a limited circulation in this country. One of the most important of them is his "History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy," enlarged from his contributions to the "Encyclopedia Metropolitana," and since published in four volumes. He is now engaged on a further revision of it, and we believe a fine library edition of the book will be shortly issued by an American publisher.

—Mr. John Payne Collier, the well known Shakespearian critic and editor, has just made public one of the most welcome of his numerous contributions to the study of old English literature. It is entitled "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language" which, during the last fifty years, have come under the observation of this author. It is needless to say how rich the gathering must be, particularly in the departments of poetry and romance, to which Mr. Collier's attention has been chiefly directed. The preface gives some interesting autobiographical notices of his studies and pursuits from his first purchase of a really valuable old book, nearly sixty years since. From this very book, Wilson's "Art of Logic," printed by Grafton in 1551, he discovered the name and author of the first comedy in the English language; and, from that time to the present, his researches have been unintermitted in the same pleasant fields of labor, with what success is familiar to all. The patronage of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Ellesmere, for whom he was accustomed to make purchases, gave him access to the rarest books, and "though never rich enough to collect and keep what may be called a library" himself, he has been a large book-buyer, because (and it is a curious fact in the commerce of literature), the prices of such commodities being gradually on the rise through the whole of the present century, there was no danger of the re-sale being attended with a loss. Mr. Collier's book is published in a limited edition, forming two handsome volumes, and costs nearly fifty dollars. So great is the interest felt in old English literature in this country, that we have heard hints of an American reprint at a price better adapted to the means of the majority of our students.

—A pregnant sign of the times, boding the recognition of a new power in the state, is afforded in England by the appearance of the writings of John Stuart Mill in cheap "People's Editions" on the railway book-stalls, competing with the gaudy-covered sensation novels and the penny Sunday newspapers with their highly-spiced police reports. Mr. Mill's books had hitherto been brought out in an expensive form, and their circulation must have been select rather than extensive. The price of his "Elements of Political Economy" was thirty-six shillings—the People's Edition, neatly printed and bound, is offered at five shillings, and his "Liberty" and "Representative Government" in the same proportion. Mr. Mill has lately exhibited such remarkable examples of mental vigor and energy, in his article on "Comte's Philosophy" (in the last *Westminster Review*) and his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (recently published by Longman), that his best friends regret the possibility of an interruption to his peculiar work that his election to Parliament would necessarily cause. It is a symptom of the increasing influence of literature that his opponent for the representation of Westminster is Mr. W. H. Smith, the mammoth news-vender of the Strand, who supplies half the kingdom with its daily intellectual provender. A reprint of Mr. Mill's work on "Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" is announced by Wm. S. Spencer, of Boston, the publisher of the late elegant edition of his "Discussions and Dissertations," with which work it will range uniformly, in two volumes of similar size.

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, will shortly add to the collection of standard English authors that have emanated from the Riverside Press "The Works of Edmund Burke," complete in twelve volumes, to be issued monthly till finished. Their large-paper edition of "The British Poets," limited to one hundred copies, is a great success. The volumes published at \$1 75 each now command a premium of nearly double without any difficulty.

—The most unimaginative and exact of men are rarely exempt from the influence of some favorite illusion. The late Mr. J. R. McCulloch, the distinguished political economist, whose name is synonymous with the severity of exact science, was an indefatigable book collector of thirty years' standing. Every book in his large library was a choice copy, and a few years since he printed privately, for distribution among a few friends, a "Catalogue of a Collection of Books, the property of a Political Economist," with the singular injunction inserted in each copy, "It is particularly requested that this book be not lent, nor leave given to make extracts from it." The library was expected to be sold this season in London, but it has just been purchased entire by his friend, Lord Overstone (Jones Loyd, the late banker), for the sum of £5,000, and consequently will not be dispersed.

—"A Marvel in Literature" is the sensation heading of an advertisement in the English periodicals, and it relates to a fact worth chronicling, as showing the tendencies of the age. It is the production of a complete copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" for ONE PENNY. It is warranted to contain every word, including a memoir of the author, also Scripture references, and a frontispiece of John Bunyan in prison. No orders are taken for less than one hundred copies. The first edition will consist of one million.

—M. Reville, a well known contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a popular rationalist preacher of Rotterdam, is about to publish a biography of Theodore Parker. The English uniform edition of Parker's Works has reached its twelfth volume. It is edited, we believe, by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. It, or a similar American impression, is much wanted in this country; but nothing is heard of any approach to it, or of the time when the often-announced posthumous works of Parker may be expected.

—The pensions to authors granted by the English Government, though commendable as testifying to a national recognition of literary merit as a claim on the public resources, are depressing to all who would see literature a self-supporting pursuit, because they show how insufficient talent and industry are to place their possessor in a fair average position in the world, such as rewards the most ordinary efforts in trade or commerce. Those last granted are not entirely free from the curious infelicity of selection that has heretofore led to singular instances of misplaced benevolence. To William Howitt, the industrious, irascible, and credulous man of letters, now given over to the wildest vagaries of spiritualism, no one would grudge £140 per annum, particularly as it will be shared by his wife, Mary Howitt, a person of much greater intellectual calibre than her husband. A pension of £100 to Mrs. Leech, the widow of the artist, seems incongruous, however, as he left property amounting, with the proceeds of the sale of his drawings, to \$50,000 or \$60,000, and his father (the landlord of the world-renowned London Tavern) must be a person of large means. Next comes a miserable pittance of £65 per annum to Mr. Thomas Wright, who is unquestionably the first mediæval scholar in England. Though, probably from the necessity of using his pen as a means of support, he has never concentrated his powers on any one great work, his researches are met with at every step of the most casual investigation into the ancient literature, language, and institutions of the kingdom, and it is disgraceful for the Government to offer to such a man a sum so inadequate to his acknowledged merits.

—A dictionary of the old Norse or Icelandic language has long been in preparation by Dr. Dasent, well known by his translations from the Sagas, etc. Its publication has been undertaken by the Oxford University Press, and it is rapidly reaching completion, with the co-operation of a distinguished Icelandic scholar, Mr. Gutbrande, a native of the island, who is familiar with the original sources from which the examples, etc., are drawn. It will be a great boon to philological students.

CARLYLE.*

It is Carlyle's aim as an historian to make history amusing, or use it as a vehicle for entertaining the public with his own humors. The edification of his readers *may* be consulted, if it will, incidentally; but amused they must be as long as his jaded Pegasus can lift a foot or cut a caper. No writer, certainly none who addresses himself to serious topics, has half so unflagging a sense of his public; and the nervous fidget he is under never to let

* "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great," by Thomas Carlyle. Vols. V. and VI. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

the grin expire upon his reader's visage, has grown upon him in his later books to such an extent as to give one an impression of real sadness. It is impossible to read a page of Frederick, at least we have found it so, without perceiving how mere a mask Frederick is of Thomas, and how completely what might have been veracious history is turned into a clothes-horse for the display of the author's threadbare theatrical wardrobe. This indeed is the secret of Carlyle's rhetorical successes and failures, that he is dramatic, not real; artistic, not intellectual; performer, not inventor. Hence his idiotic literary style, in which a boundless egotism is seen draping itself in the austere reverence for truth. We call Carlyle's style idiotic in the strict philosophic sense of the word, as being so exclusively his own style, so studiously divorced from the speech common to men when they wish to communicate truth. The signal thing about it is manner, not matter; appearance, not substance. He uses truth not for its own sake, but for the sake of effect; and truth takes her revenge by degrading him at last into a mere unconscious Mr. Merryman, or serious circus-tumbler. For when a man perceives the universality of the Divine ends in creation he perceives at the same time that it is only his own puny self which ever contravenes those ends; and he would as much abhor, therefore, to idiotize his thought or speech or action, by laboriously stamping his own image and superscription upon them, as he would to deny in any other particular the sweet and blessed fellowship of his kind.

Things had a more hopeful look with Carlyle, we admit, at the beginning; in those early days when Mr. Emerson stood godfather to him in literary baptism, and Margaret Fuller fed his sturdy hopes with her generous benediction. You would say, in fact, remembering certain passages as late as "Past and Present" and the pamphlet on "Chartism," that Carlyle had once a lively sympathy with public progress, and a profound instinct of human equality. He did indeed dally with the divine idea long enough to suck it dry of its rhetorical juices; but then dropped it to lavish contempt upon it ever after if anybody else should pick it up and seem heartily to cherish it. He never had the least belief in society as an organic unity, as a most living though latent organizing force in history; but only as an empirical necessity of the race. He never had a conception of human brotherhood being the profoundest truth of science as well as religion, disclosing a hell in the human bosom wherever it is not allowed to reveal a heaven; but only and at most as an emotional or sentimental experience of happily endowed natures. On the contrary, he now-a-days scoffs and flings out his thoughtless heels at the bare suggestion of such a thing, much as an unbreeched tropical savage would scoff and run large at the suggestion of frozen rivers. In short, he has not the remotest conception of history as a living whole, of its totally impersonal or human issues; and consequently never summons you to meet him on any ground of objective truth, but only on that of your subjective agreements and disagreements.

We should shrink very keenly from doing any personal injustice to Carlyle. All his friends know him, and indeed all his books show him, to be a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. All we want to say is, that in respect to the public questions which are now soliciting examination, he is incompetent even to puerility. Probably no man connected with public affairs in England is so utterly deficient in the instinct of statesmanship, if statesmanship involve any respect for the principles of human nature; and yet he larrups Peel, Cobden, Palmerston, and the rest in his voluble pedantic way, as if he alone in all England possessed the true secret of governing. He is all the while himself a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, pinning his faith upon some futile person or other, and incapable of uttering an inspiring or even soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. True, he abuses every acknowledged and every aspiring guide of the political world with such an insane relish, that many thoughtless persons, bewildered by his audacious oracles, begin timidly to count upon him as a statesman of the new order; as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual Divine advent in human nature. But the claim is absurd. With much picturesque squinting in that direction, Carlyle has no philosophic belief of a real Divine presence and efficacy in human affairs. He feels a vague menace in his understanding that there is somewhere on high some very peremptory person or other—some huger Cromwell or more unscrupulous Bonaparte—who will infallibly have his own will in the end, simply by coercing all other wills; and he is able consequently to variegate his conversation and writing on occasion with certain devout lights and shades that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. But that is literally all. He is an amateur prophet exclusively, having as little real resemblance to Isaiah or John, as Charlotte Cushman has to Lady Macbeth.

He is a prophet "on his own hook," in the sole interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching Divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who feeds you with laughter instead of tears, and puts the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad persistent winks at the bystanders.

In truth, Carlyle stands revealed at last a mere declaimer. His original stock in trade was an immense eye for color, an immense genius for scenic effects, which enabled him to seize upon every crazy, time-stained, dishonored rag that fluttered in the breeze of history, and work it into a magical tissue; but his original faculty is now outworn, and a mere trick of habit has usurped its place. He wrote in a way to surprise and take his readers captive; but his enjoyment of this power in himself was so naïve and vivacious as to end by sapping his own intellectual integrity. Artist-like, he precipitates himself upon the picturesque in character and manners wherever he finds it, and he doesn't care a jot what incidental interest his precipitancy lacerates. He has harped so successfully on one string, the importance to man of *doing*, and the mere dramatic effects he has produced so infatuate him, that the whole thing has tumbled off at last into a sheer insincerity, and he no longer sees any difference between doing well and doing ill. He who has best denounced a canting age has become himself its most signal illustration, since even his denunciation of the vice has succumbed to the prevalent usage, and announces itself at length a shameless cant.

This ought not, however, to be an inexplicable result. We never really hate any vice for which we ourselves have not a latent specific aptitude. We may intellectually cognize certain things to be vicious, and even denounce them on occasion with a well-bred warmth or tutored indignation. But we never feel an acute personal disgust and loathing of any vice, unless we are somewhat prone by natural temperament to indulge in it. Thackeray was preternaturally sensitive to what is called snobbery; which is the tendency now so common to be in the fashion, and ape the judgments and manners of those conventionally above us. His sensibility to that vice was so acute that one might suppose him to have been expiating here the sins it had caused him to commit in one of Dr. Beecher's outlandish pre-adamite worlds. And this, no doubt, was in a certain sense true. That is to say, some of Thackeray's ancestors had probably been atrocious examples of the vice; and as the tendency of all evil is to self-propagation, or expansion, while that of all good is to self-restraint, snobbery at last invaded the blood of his race to such an extent that some decisive purgation of it became inevitable in these expiatory sufferings of its greatest descendant. So doubtless with Carlyle. His Covenanting ancestors have had much to do with the sin that so easily besets him. Justification by faith, from having once been an honest belief, became at last so arrant a shibboleth, so unconscious a party-badge or cant, with its adherents, that unbelieving Thomas's contrary gospel of justification by work became an inevitable providential reaction in the blood of their children. Only the tendency to cant in that blood had become so established, that Thomas's gospel turns out as great an hypocrisy as the former one.

At all events this is the only hypothesis we can frame to account for Carlyle's dreary persistent fiddling, year in and year out, on the one old string, not only without any sign all the while of a fresh inspiration, but with every evidence of a perpetually decaying one. It seems to us to imply too great a waste of providential force, to suppose a man capable of hating any vice so egregiously as Carlyle appears to hate cant merely for public ends, or without a primary reference to the man's own ultimate spiritual emolument. It is reasonable to imagine that men are gifted naturally with those perceptions which will be of most avail to their permanent well-being. Without these convictions we could never have reconciled ourselves to Carlyle's remorseless rigmarole, nor ever have heard, as we fancy we still do hear, in every moan and groan of the old familiar hurdy-gurdy, a promise of eventual release to his own imprisoned spirit.

THE NOBLE SCHOOL OF FICTION.*

MR. HENRY KINGSLEY may be fairly described as a reduced copy of his brother. He lacks, indeed, many of his brother's gifts; especially that tone of authority which the Rev. Charles Kingsley derives from his connection with the Church and the University. He cherishes, publicly, at least, no original theory of history. He has less talent, to begin with; and less knowledge, to end with. But he is nevertheless, as perhaps indeed for these very reasons, a capital example of the pure Kingsley spirit. In him we see the famous muscular system of morality presented in its simplest form, disen-

* "The Hillyars and the Burtons: A Story of Two Families." By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

gaged from the factitious graces of scholarship. Our feeling for Mr. Henry Kingsley, for which under other circumstances we could not positively vouch, is almost kindled into gratitude when we consider the good service he has rendered the rising generation in divesting the name of Kingsley of its terror. As long as Mr. Charles Kingsley wrote about the age of Elizabeth and the age of Hypatia, and exercised his powerful and perverse imagination upon the Greeks of the fifth century and the Englishmen of the sixteenth, those young persons who possessed only the common-school notions of the rise of Protestantism and the fall of Paganism had nothing to depend upon during their slow convalescence from the Kingsley fever—which we take to be a malady natural to youth, like the measles or the scarlatina, leaving the subject much stronger and sounder—but a vague uncomfortable sensation of the one-sidedness of their teacher. Those persons, on the other hand, who had inquired for themselves into the manners of the Elizabethan era, discovered, what they had all along expected, that both Mr. Kingsley's Englishmen and his Spaniards, although in a certain way wonderfully life-like, were yet not the characters of history; that these persons were occupied with far other thoughts than that of *posing* for the confusion of the degenerate Anglo-Saxons of the present day; that they were infinitely brutal, indeed, and sentimental in their own fashion; but that this fashion was very unlike Mr. Kingsley's. There is a way of writing history which on general grounds impugns the writer's fidelity; that is, studying it with a prejudice either in favor of human nature or against it. This is the method selected by Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Kingsley's prejudice is, on the whole, in favor of human nature; while Mr. Carlyle's is against it. It is astonishing, however, how nearly the two writers coincide in their conclusions. When in "Two Years Ago" Mr. Charles Kingsley took up the men and women about us, he inflicted upon his cause an injury which his brother's novels have only served to aggravate. He made a very thrilling story; a story which we would advise all young persons to read, as they take a cold bath in winter time, for the sake of the "reaction;" but he forfeited his old claim to being considered a teacher. He gave us the old giants and the old cravens; but giants and cravens were found to be insufficient to the demands of the age. The age has stronger muscles and weaker nerves than Mr. Kingsley supposes.

The author of the volume before us tells us in a brief preface that his object has been to paint the conflict between love and duty in the breast of an uneducated girl, who, after a year and a half at boarding-school, "might have developed into a very noble lady." He adds that this question of the claims of duty as opposed to love is one which, "thanks to the nobleness of our women," is being continually put before us. To what women the possessive pronoun refers is left to conjecture: but judging from the fact that whenever the Messrs. Kingsley speak of the human race in general they mean their own countrymen in particular, we may safely apply it to the daughters of England. But however this may be, the question in point is one which, in spite of Mr. Kingsley's preface, and thanks to his incompetency to tell a straight story, is *not* put before us here. We are treated to nothing so beautiful, so simple, or so interesting. Does the author really believe that any such severe intention is discernible among his chaotic, inartistic touches? We can hardly think that he does; and yet, if he does not, his preface is inconceivably impudent. It is time that this fashion were done away with, of tacking a subject upon your story on the eve of publication. As long as Mr. Kingsley's book has a subject, what matters it whether it be outside of the story or inside? The story is composed on the plan of three-fourths of the modern popular novels. The author leaps astride of a half-broken fancy, starts off at a brisk trot (we are all familiar with the cheerful energetic colloquy or description with which these works open), and trusts to Providence for the rest. His main dependence is his command of that expedient which is known in street parlance as "collecting a crowd." He overawes the reader by the force of numbers; and in this way he is never caught *solus* upon the stage; for to be left alone with his audience, or even to be forced into a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with one of his characters, is the giant terror of the second-rate novelist. Another unfailing resource of Mr. Henry Kingsley is his intimate acquaintance with Australian life. This fact is evidently in his opinion, by itself, almost a sufficient outfit for a novelist. It is one of those rudimentary truths which cannot be too often repeated, that to write a novel it is not necessary to have been a traveller, an adventurer, a sight-seer; it is simply necessary to be an artist. Mr. Kingsley's descriptions of Australia are very pretty; but they are not half so good as those of Mr. Charles Reade, who, as far as we know, has never visited the country. We mean that they do not give the reader that vivid impression of a particular place which the genius of Mr. Reade contrives to produce. Mr. Reade went to Australia—that is, his imagination went—on purpose to compose certain chapters in "Never too Late to Mend." Mr. Kingsley went in

the flesh; but Mr. Kingsley in the flesh is not equal to Mr. Reade in the spirit.

The main object of the novels of Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother has seemed to us to be to give a strong impression of what they would call "human nobleness." Human nobleness, when we come across it in life, is a very fine thing; but it quite loses its flavor when it is made so cheap as it is made in these works. It is emphatically an occasional quality; it is not, and, with all due respect for the stalwart Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time and eke of Queen Victoria's, it never was the prime element of human life, nor were its headquarters at any time on the island of Great Britain. By saying it is an occasional quality, we simply mean that it is a great one, and is therefore manifested in great and exceptional moments. In the ordinary course of life it does not come into play; it is sufficiently represented by courage, modesty, industry. Let the novelist give us these virtues for what they are, and not for what no true lover of human nature would have them pretend to be, or else let him devise sublime opportunities, situations which really match the latent nobleness of the human soul. We can all of us take the outside view of magnanimity; it belongs to the poet to take the inside one. It seems to us that the sturdy and virtuous Burtons in the present tale have but a narrow scale of emotions. Mr. Kingsley would apparently have us look upon them all as heroes, which, with the best will in the world, we cannot succeed in doing. A hero is but a species of genius, a genius *pro tempore*. The Burtons are essentially commonplace. The best that can be said of them is that they had a good notion of their duty. It is here, as it seems to us, that praise should begin, and not, as Mr. Kingsley would have us think, that it should be content to end. The notion of duty is an excellent one to start with, but it is a poor thing to spend one's life in trying to compass. A life so spent, at any rate, is not a fit subject for an epic novel. The Burtons had none but the minor virtues—honesty, energy, and a strong family feeling. Let us do all justice to these excellent qualities, but let us not shame them by for ever speaking of them with our hats off, and a "so help me God!" The only hero in Mr. Kingsley's book is, to our perception, the villain, Sir George Hillyar. He has a spark of inspiration; he is ridden by an evil genius; he has a spirit of his own. The others, the good persons, the gentlemen and ladies, whether developed by "a year and a half at boarding-school," or still in the rough, have nothing but the old Kingsleian *av noble*. We are informed that they have "great souls," which on small provocation rush into their eyes and into the grasp of their hands; and they are for ever addressing each other as "old boy" and "old girl." "Is this ambition?" Has the language of friendship and of love no finer terms than these? Those who use them, we are reminded, are gentlemen in the rough. There is, in our opinion, no such thing as a gentleman in the rough. A gentleman is born of his polish.

A great French critic recently characterized Mr. Carlyle in a sentence which we are confident he did not keep for what we have called the noble school of fiction, the muscular system of morals, only because its founder was unknown to him. Carlyle, said M. Taine, "would limit the human heart to the English sentiment of duty, and the human imagination to the English sentiment of respect." It seems to us that these words admirably sum up Kingsleyism, the morality which Mr. Charles Kingsley preaches in his sermons, teaches in his wondrous lectures on history, and dramatizes in his novels, and of which his brother is a more worldly and popular representative. There is that in Mr. Charles Kingsley's tone which implies a conviction that when he has served up human nature in the way described by M. Taine, he has finally disposed of it. He has held up the English spirit to the imitation of the world. He has, indeed, held it up by the force of his great talents to the contemplation of a large number of spectators, and of certain admirable properties of this spirit he will long be regarded as one of the most graphic exponents. But he has shown, together with a great deal to admire, a great deal to reprove; and it is his damning fault (the expression is not too strong) that equally with its merits he would impose its defects wholesale upon the rest of mankind. But there is in the human heart a sentiment higher than that of duty—the sentiment of freedom; and in the human imagination a force which respects nothing but what is divine. In the muscular faith there is very little of the divine, because there is very little that is spiritual. For the same reason there is nothing but a spurious nobleness. Who would rest content with this as the last word of religious sagacity: that the ideal for human endeavor is the English gentleman?—unless, indeed, it be the English gentleman himself. To this do Mr. Charles Kingsley's teachings amount. There is, nevertheless, in his novels, and in his brother's as well, a great deal which we might call beautiful, if it were not that this word always suggests something that is true; a great deal which we must, therefore, be content to call pretty. Professor Kingsley would probably be by no means satisfied to have us call "Westward, Ho!" a pretty

story; but it is pretty, nevertheless; it is, in fact, quite charming. It is written in a style which the author would himself call "noble English," and it contains many lovely descriptions of South America, which he has apparently the advantage of not having visited. How a real South America would clash with his unreal England! Mr. Henry Kingsley will never do anything so good; but if he will forget a vast number of things, and remember as many more, he may write a readable story yet. Let him forget, in the first place, that he is an English gentleman, and remember that he is a novelist. Let him forget (always in the interest of art) the eternal responsibility of the rich to the poor, which in the volume before us has spoiled two good things. And let him talk a little less about nobleness, and inquire a little more closely into its real essence. We do not desire hereby to arrest the possible flights of his imagination. On the contrary, we are sure that if he will woo human nature with the proper assiduity, he will draw from her many a sweet confession, infinitely more creditable than anything he could have fancied. Only let him not consider it necessary to his success to salute her invariably as "old girl."

WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE.*

WE are glad to announce this long-expected volume as soon to issue from the press. Mr. White's Shakespearian labors are worthily concluded, and his edition of "Shakespeare's Works" completed, by this publication. The merits of Mr. White's previous labors are now established. His "Shakespeare's Scholar," which preceded his edition of the works, not only displayed a degree of scholarship highly creditable to its author, but also gave evidence of his possessing a fine critical taste and genial appreciation, as well as a fund of good common sense—that rarest and most needed qualification in a commentator. His "Notes and Introductions to the Plays" fulfilled the expectations he had thus awakened, and in England as well as in this country his edition has taken rank among the best. An *editio optima* of Shakespeare does not exist. Mr. White has had many competitors in the field. Knight, Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Wright, and Aldis, to say nothing of Staunton, and in our own country of Verplanck and Hudson, have each in their respective editions exhibited special and distinguishing excellences. Each has his distinct place. The thorough critical student of the letter or the spirit of the text can spare neither. Dyce's learning in contemporary writers and his wide store of illustration, Halliwell's antiquarian researches, Collier's studies in the English drama, and his ingenious even if spurious readings, Knight's general good sense and genial spirit, the Cambridge edition's minute, laborious, and accurate labors upon the text of the plays—are all alike of value, and all together constitute a vast mass of important illustration and criticism for the true understanding of the poet. It is creditable to Mr. White that by the side of any of these recent editions his holds an even place. In certain not unimportant respects it is better than any one of them. He possesses a rare faculty of delicate and acute literary criticism and insight, combined with a hardly less rare faculty of expressing fine distinctions of thought. These valuable qualities are frequently displayed in his comment on passages of which the meaning is obscure or has been disputed, and in his longer discussions of points connected with the origin or composition of the plays. His essay on the authorship of Henry VI., in the seventh volume of his edition, is a masterpiece.

But it is not our intention to enter now on a review of his previous volumes. Coleridge said sharply, "If all that has been written on Shakespeare by Englishmen were burned we should be great gainers. Providence gave to England the greatest man that ever put on and put off mortality, and threw a sop to the envy of other nations by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics." Coleridge himself did something to produce the better race of modern critics, but even now we could charitably wish that half they had written were burned. Mr. White's new volume—the inevitable labor to which his steps have been tending for years—is of a nature to confirm this wish. It makes so much that has been heretofore written henceforth useless. Here is a Life of Shakespeare, an Essay on his Genius, and an Essay on the English Drama, which supersede how many lives and essays! No man need read more about Shakespeare than this volume contains. He will find here the scanty facts concerning Shakespeare's life, and the most important inferences that are to be drawn from these facts; he will find a broad, simple, sensible estimate of Shakespeare's genius, and an interesting historical account of that drama which he perfected and of which he will always remain the consummate master.

In the absence of much knowledge, or even of much tradition, concerning Shakespeare's life, his biographers have occupied themselves with conjectures

and suppositions in regard to it, till we are tempted to exclaim, "O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." Mr. White treats us in this respect far better than most other writers on the subject. He has made excellent use of the materials brought together by the industrious investigations of his predecessors; he has told clearly what is known concerning Shakespeare, and has given briefly the most important inferences from this knowledge. His memoir is consequently really a useful and valuable one, and the occasional suppositions in which he indulges are not pushed to extravagance, while the inferences which he draws are marked by good sense, ingenuity, and critical acumen. The Essay toward the expression of Shakespeare's Genius is certainly one of the best essays ever written on this difficult subject. A Shakespeare is needed fully to estimate a Shakespeare; it is only by the exercise of an imagination alike penetrative and comprehensive that the genius of the great poet is to be fitly and finally analyzed. All that long labor, great love, faithful study, and unfeigned respect can avail, combined with native sense and disciplined power of expression, is accomplished in Mr. White's essay. He knows the limits of his capacity, and he attempts and pretends to nothing beyond them. There may be remarks in Coleridge which indicate profounder insight into some of the qualities of Shakespeare's genius or the modes of its display; there may be, in other critics, German or English, merits which Mr. White does not exhibit; but taken as a whole, his essay is so full of keen and just appreciation, of sound judgment, of sympathy with the prevailing attributes of the poet, that it may be read with satisfaction and profit even by those who have most deeply studied Shakespeare and are in the closest harmony with his spirit. The essay necessarily covers wide ground. Beginning with a discrimination of genius and talent, Mr. White claims justly that Shakespeare "united in himself genius in its supremest nature, and talent in its largest development." But his genius, though universal in its grasp, was English in its character. This leads to a consideration of the social conditions and of the state of the language of England during the Elizabethan era, full of interest, and showing the results of reflection and learning. Then follow remarks upon the appreciation of Shakespeare in his own country, and by his own people, in which many common errors are incidentally refuted, and the true and genuine feeling of our people for our greatest poet is shown to have been no less general than it has been constant. But we will not analyze a work the chief merits of which must escape analysis. We prefer to quote a single passage from it as an example of its tone, and as a specimen of admirable criticism:

"Every thoughtful reader of Shakespeare must see that his peculiar power as a dramatist lies in his treatment of character. The interest which distinguishes his plays, as plays, from all others, is that which centers in the personages, in their expressions of thought and emotion, and in their motives and modes of action. This was his dramatic art, and this it was in which he had neither teacher nor model. For at the time when he wrote, character, properly so called, was almost, if not quite, unknown to English literature, and but little more to that of the Latin races. In English dramatic literature Marlowe alone had attempted character, but in a style extremely coarse and rudimentary. The Italian and French novelists who preceded Shakespeare, including even Boccaccio himself, interest by mere story, by incident and sentiment. Their personages have no character. They are indeed of different kinds, good and bad, lovers, tyrants, intriguers, clowns, and gentlemen, of whom some are grave and others merry. But they are mere human formulas, not either types or individuals.

"It has been much disputed whether Shakespeare's personages are types or individuals. They are both. Those which are of his own creation are type individuals. So real are they in their individuality, so sharply outlined and completely constructed, that the men and women that we meet seem but shadows compared with them; and yet each one of them is so purged of the accidental and non-essential as to become typical, ideal. He made them so by uniting and harmonizing in them a variety of traits, all subordinated to, yet not overwhelmed by, one central, dominating trait, and by so modifying and coloring the manifestation of this trait that of itself it has individuality. Othello and Leontes are both jealous, and unreasonable in their jealousy, as all the jealous are. But the men are almost as unlike as Lear and Hamlet; and their jealousy differs almost as much as the fierce madness of the old king from the young prince's weak intellectual disorder. Iachimo and Iago are both villains, who would pitilessly ruin a wife's reputation for their selfish ends; but the former is a rude and simple villain, who seems to lack the moral sense; the latter, one who has a keen intellectual perception of that moral beauty which he neither possesses nor heartily admires. Shakespeare's personages are thoroughly human, and therefore not embodiments of single traits or simple impulses, but complicated machines; and the higher their type, the more complex their organization. He combines in one individual and harmonizes qualities apparently incongruous, his genius revealing to him their affinities. * * *

"It is this complication of motive which causes the characters of Shakespeare's personages to be read differently by different people. This variety of opinion upon them, within certain wide and well-determined limits, is evidence of the truthfulness of the characters. Not only does their complex organization give opportunity for a different appreciation of their working, but, as in real life, the character, nay, the very age, of those who pass

* "The Works of William Shakespeare." By Richard Grant White. In twelve volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

judgment upon them is an element of their reputation. Not only will two men of equal natural capacity, and equally thoughtful, form different opinions of them; but the judgment of the same man will be modified by his experience. Unlike the personages of the world around us, some of whom pass from our sight while others come forward, and all change with the lapse of time, those of Shakespeare's microcosm, by the conditions of their existence, remain the same. But our view of them is enlarged and modified by advancing years. As we grow older, we look upon them from a higher point, and the horizon of our sympathy broadens. We lose little and we gain much. For manhood's eye, ranging over its wider scope, finds that the eminences which were the boy's bounds of admiration do not pass out of sight, but become parts of a grander and more varied prospect, while distance, in diminishing their importance, casts upon them the tender light of that happy memory which ever lingers upon pure and early pleasures. But, as in real life again, Shakespeare's characters, during their mimic existence, depend upon and develop each the other. We see how they are mutually worked upon and moulded. And in this inter-dependence and reciprocal influence, more than in mere structure of plot, consists the unity of Shakespeare's plays as organic wholes. His personages are not statuesque, with sharp, unchanging outlines. His genius was not severe and statuesque, as for instance Dante's was. His men and women are notably flexible; and not only so, but they seem to have that quality of flesh and blood which unites changeableness with identity—as a man's substance changes, and his soul grows older, year by year, and yet he is the same person. It is not only the story in Shakespeare's dramas which makes progress, but the characters of the personages. Lear, Romeo, Macbeth, Othello, are, as the phrase is, not the same men at the end of the play as at the beginning. Their experience has modified their characters."

It is impossible, within the compass of a brief notice like this, to do more than speak of the general characteristics of such a volume as the one before us. There are points on which we would gladly enter at length. A writer on Shakespeare is using the materials of all men's thoughts. Each man may bring something from the stores, however scanty, of his own experience and observation to illustrate the subject. To every man Shakespeare is like nature, presenting new aspects original as the man himself, originating indeed within himself. His genius embraces all others, sympathizes with all others, reveals all others to themselves, and gives them the measure of their worth. We all owe thanks to Mr. White for having done so much to promote the intelligent study of Shakespeare in America.

MATHEW ARNOLD'S ESSAYS.*

To readers who now first make the acquaintance of Mr. Arnold in this charming volume, our first word will be a warning not to commence with the preface. It will be imperfectly understood by persons who are not familiar with the London journals, and it will not give aright the "note"—to use one of the felicitous expressions to which Mr. Arnold has given currency—of the writer. Those who have followed this series of essays as they have appeared, with the exception of the lectures on translating Homer, from time to time in *Fraser's*, *Macmillan's*, the *Cornhill*, and the *Victoria* magazines, and the *National Review*, must have learned, in the profit and pleasure they have received, to bear with Mr. Arnold when the "vivacity" of which he is conscious lapses, as in this preface, into flippancy—to use no stronger term. No one has done more by persuasive precept, and by the still more persuasive charm of fascinating example, to commend urbanity of style; and we should show that we had failed to profit by his own excellent teachings, if we failed regretfully to note the blemish, or, having noted it, to pass it by. But we are unwilling that Mr. Arnold should do himself the injustice of making his first impression upon the reader by the petulance of his preface, tempered though the impression would be by the gracefulness of his admirable characterization of Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad*, and by the filial tenderness of the apostrophe to Oxford with which it closes.

Mr. Mathew Arnold, who is the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and about forty-two years of age, achieved his first distinction as a poet, like the French critic whom he delights to acknowledge as his master in criticism, M. Sainte-Beuve. The volume in which he collected such of his earlier published poems as his maturer judgment approved, was republished some eight years ago by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Since that time he has published a tragedy, *Merope*, in the style of the Greek tragedies; and has written a few verses for the magazines. This is not the occasion to discuss his merits as a poet; and we will only say in passing that we hold him fully entitled to a third place with Tennyson and Browning, although the saturation of his mind with the spirit of the Greek poets—especially the tragedians—a taste it will be remembered which his father, whose delight was in the matter rather than in the form of the ancients, did not possess in any high degree—has given a less popular character to his poetical style. To the preface, however, of the volume of poems just mentioned, it is not

out of place to refer. It was written in 1853, and exhibits the same turn of thought, the same qualities of style, as the essays of the present volume. His thesis is the superiority in point of form of the Greek mode of handling a poetical subject over that of the moderns; in that the Greeks found the merit of a poem pre-eminently in the effect which it produced as a whole, and valued affluence of thought or beauty of diction simply as means, when these were proper means, to heighten this single effect of the practical action or situation. *Ut pictura poesis*. To their artistic nature it would have been no less a fault in a poem than in a painting that the mind was distracted from the general effect by any unseasonable merit of detail, though that merit might be recognized to be absolutely very great. Now we may confess at once that this austerity of taste, which is the more wonderful as it sprang from the richest sensuousness of nature, has passed away beyond recall with the race in which it was revealed. It is alien to all our modern habits of thought; and most of us can attain only by discipline to a capacity even to enjoy that beauty of form, as distinct from matter, which to the Greek would have seemed essential to any æsthetic enjoyment at all. Even that nation which in its literature has preserved most faithfully the letter of the old tradition—yes, and in its prose the spirit of Attic simplicity—even French straitness of taste in poetry is yielding before the more adequate expression of the more varied cravings of the imagination in us moderns, which is furnished in the poetical literature of England and Germany. But precisely because the tide sets, by a law as irresistible and as much above criticism as the law of gravitation, steadily in the opposite direction—precisely for this reason should we be grateful, patient, thoughtful listeners to those critics who, like Mr. Arnold, with a keener sensibility than ourselves to the immortal charm of Greek simplicity, appeal to us not to be so dazzled by the wealth of our greatly richer modern experience as to forget that in the world of ideas, as in this marvellous world of sense, to the clear spirit the most satisfying charm is found in the perception of symmetry and order.

In 1857 Mr. Arnold was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Of his teachings from that chair the public have as yet received nothing but the lectures "on translating Homer," which were published about four years ago, and have been judiciously incorporated into the present volume. The notices of the many translations of Homer which have appeared within a few years in England, and the discussions, chiefly in connexion with these, of the possibility of naturalizing the dactylic hexameter in our English tongue, in all of which Mr. Arnold's name is first in the mouth both of friend and foe, must have made the merit of these lectures familiar to all who take an interest in such topics. We shall, therefore, pass them over with one word of especial commendation for the "Last Words." In spite of an occasionally supercilious tone, which we should have been glad to spare, rather for the sake of Mr. Arnold than his opponent Mr. Newman—for with all Mr. Newman's admirable qualities and accomplishments as a scholar and a man, he never writes or speaks on any subject, and he has written well upon almost all, without betraying a want of balance of mind which irresistibly begets impatience—in spite, we say, of a shade of superciliousness which we could have wished away from the critic's otherwise exquisite banter, we think this lecture a master-piece of criticism of the kind, and have returned to it again and again with fresh profit. It is noticeable that in controversy Mr. Arnold always appears to the best advantage when put upon the defensive—for we are resolved to forget the guerrilla warfare of the preface of which we have spoken. At no other time is the literary athlete so cool, so courteous, or so dangerous. This was well exemplified in the second of two essays published in *Macmillan*, which, for reasons creditable to him, he now omits to publish. He had sharply criticized in the first the famous book of Dr. Colenso upon the Pentateuch, and had been met not only by equally sharp rejoinders, but also by reproaches for having done what in him lay to weaken the influence of a brother liberal. We mention the controversy not merely for the merit of the reply, but because, without a knowledge of it, some remarks in the present volume might be obscure. We have no doubt, however, that his criticism on Dr. Colenso seriously impaired Mr. Arnold's influence. It required a fair degree of that charity which thinketh no evil, or much acquaintance with the true spirit of Mr. Arnold's other writings, to guard against the impression that the essay was calculated to leave, that not only were "the children of light" alone qualified at present by their range of ideas to follow step by step the processes of Biblical criticism without detriment to infinitely higher spiritual interests, but also that he took delight in the existence of a limited caste of *illuminati*, and regarded the ignorance of the bulk of his fellows with the same scornful complacency that Atticus might have felt for the wholesome superstition of his less enlightened countrymen. No greater injustice could be done, we are sure, to the son of Dr. Arnold. No one could entertain such an idea for

* "Essays in Criticism," by Mathew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Post 8vo. Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge.

a moment after reflecting upon his labors for the improvement both of primary and secondary education in England. This volume too contains the sufficient refutation of such an idea in the distinction—to him a vital distinction, and vital, we will venture to add, to all of us who are not blinded to what the world really is by the impatience of our desire to make it what it should be—the distinction between the world of ideas and the world of practice. Still more indicative of Mr. Arnold's spirit is this earnest advocacy of the elevation in character, and reduction in expense, of middle-class education which forms the burden of the essays on "A French Eton" with which this volume closes, and which show clearly how confidently he relies for the stability of England's greatness upon the future of classes which he now reckons among the flower of the host of the Philistines. For the misconception of his essay, however, Mr. Arnold must bear the blame. No man can be more fairly held responsible for the impression which his writings make; for no man has mastered more completely the difficult art of writing with perfect clearness as well as exquisite grace.

But who are the "Philistines," and who are "the children of light?" The children of light are those choice spirits whose minds are ever disinterestedly open to every new aspect of truth; who are penetrated by a noble curiosity to see all things as they really are; who are ready, nay glad, to dismiss their error or their imperfect truth, though it had become endeared to them as a sister or a brother, and to take to their hearts the more perfect truth, against which they had perhaps fought manfully, until their eyes had been opened to recognize the goddess. In the intellectual as in the spiritual world, to such as thus enter in with the spirit of little children, and not to the Scribes and Pharisees, will it be given to know and to judge all things. Thus to know, thus to judge, and in this spirit to commend to others that which we ourselves have seen, would be Mr. Arnold's definition of criticism. In so far as a man finds delight in ideas for their own sake; in so far as he keeps a hospitable mind towards all truths, come whence they may, which pass, or can be brought to, his door—just so far is he a child of the light. In so far as a man takes no pleasure in ideas for their own sake; in so far as he inhospitably closes his door against any truth because it comes from this or that quarter, or because its presence would interfere with his comfort or his plans, or be for any reason distasteful to him—just so far would Mr. Arnold say that his heart was with the Philistines. It is plain from this, and it will be seen still more plainly in these essays, that it is not a man's creed or his opinions upon any subject, but the spirit in which he holds them, which determines in which of the two camps he belongs. He may be as conservative as Sir Cornewall Lewis, and yet be a very angel of light; he may be as radical as Mr. Cobbett in politics, and still be as Heine found him and Mr. Arnold describes him, "a Philistine with six fingers on every hand, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number; a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam." He may walk in the ways of Mr. Holyoak, and still be a worshipper of Dagon; and he may be Dean of Westminster or St. Paul's, and yet a priest among the children of light.

We have said that Mr. Arnold uses the word criticism in a sense of his own. It is the business of criticism, he says, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Again, criticism is the exercise of curiosity in the higher sense, "the disinterested love of a free play of the mind upon all subjects, for its own sake." "All literature," again he says, is in "end and aim a criticism upon life." And yet once more: "Judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business; and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself; and it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clew, not as an abstract lawgiver—that he will generally do most good to his readers." This passage gives the key-note of all his criticism.

Coupling these views of the true functions of criticism with the conception, ever present in his mind, of the bulk of his countrymen as Philistines, blindly and obstinately adhering to a worship that cannot elevate them, we shall be in a position to do more justice, we believe, to Mr. Arnold's aims and aspirations than he commonly receives in England. No man has less the air and tone of a missionary or reformer; and yet we doubt whether Dr. Arnold ever had more distinctly before his mind the changes which he wished to bring about in English thought and practice than has his son; or whether he ever pursued them more steadfastly, or with more definite apprehension of the bearing of his action. The father, as the foremost representative of certain powerful currents of ideas, though

he died hardly five years older than his son to-day, wrought so great a change in the condition of the public schools, in the methods of studying the classics and history, and in Biblical criticism, that it is difficult to realize it. If the son has less weight of character, and a more difficult revolution to accomplish, yet he too has, we believe, the main current with him, and peculiar gifts to qualify him for his mission.

Of these gifts, and of the separate essays of which this volume is made up, we shall say but a few words. The essays were printed, as we have mentioned, originally in a variety of magazines, with an evident purpose to leaven with his own spirit as large a circle of readers as possible. The subjects on which he wrote were chosen, it seems to us, no less carefully to recommend types of excellence and modes of thought with which his countrymen at large were unfamiliar, or to which they failed to do justice. But we must leave our readers to pass judgment upon this point for themselves. Of the execution of the essays it would be superfluous to say anything in praise. Mr. Arnold has heard many hard words; but none have denied the magical charm of his style, the subtlety of his criticism, or the generous breadth of the culture by which he has schooled to a sympathetic relish for the most varied forms of excellence a taste naturally, we should conjecture, fastidious to a fault. Not that we think that he has attained a perfect serenity of perception—for is not the utilitarian philosophy to him still unduly a stumbling-block?—nor has he yet reached the mellowness of literary temper of our own Mr. Emerson; but nothing in this volume seems to us so admirable in itself, or as example so much to be desired in our day—in which liberality of thought by no means keeps pace with liberal ideas—as that "disinterestedness" of criticism which will not forget the merits of Burke in its sympathy with the democratic principle of the French Revolution; nor the power of the older form of faith in its adhesion to the Protestant spirit; nor yet the elements of beauty and nobility in the joyous religion of the Greeks, and the stoical morality of the Roman, while it surrenders itself to that higher spirituality whose laws of liberty and love are the laws of criticism as the laws of life. When this is the spirit which an author exhibits, and this the spirit that he stimulates, we could pardon him if he forgot, as Mr. Arnold never forgets, the maxim of Joubert, that "ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself, in matters of literature, a crime of the first order." We may not always agree with Mr. Arnold. We may think he fails to do complete justice to Shelley, admirable as is his appreciation of him. We may doubt whether a certain English soundness of understanding will not give Lord Macaulay, in spite of the absence of all "distinction" of talent, a longer term of "that life of the dead which rests in the remembrance of the living," than Mr. Arnold anticipates for him. We may question whether his explanation is correct of that "provinciality" of the morality of Addison which in itself we cannot question. But whatever such questions we may be tempted to raise—and it is a chief merit of Mr. Arnold's writings that it stimulates us to raise them—we feel strongly that there is not a judgment expressed in this volume, however casually, to which the reader will not find it profitable to turn again and again, whether he agrees with it or not. One remark more. Mr. Arnold's views upon any point, like those of his great exemplar, M. Sainte-Beuve, from the very nature of their common method, are to be fairly obtained and fairly judged only by the collation and comparison of all that he says upon all occasions. In this noble curiosity to see all things exactly as they are, both of these critics delight to return upon themselves, and in a different mood, or with greater light, to catch an outline or a shade which they had missed before.

But our aim has not been so much to dwell upon the literary qualities of Mr. Arnold's criticism, as to show, if we were able, how his rare gifts and acquisitions were at the conscious service of a truly noble purpose, of a desire to share with his fellows the pleasures of a higher and richer intellectual life; and an earnest longing that his countrymen should become the children of the intellectual promise, as they have eaten of the manna of political liberty, and enjoy in unstinted measure the milk and honey of material success.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LIFE OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO. By William Forayth, M.A.—THE ILIAD OF HOMER. By Edward, Earl of Derby.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Charles Scribner, New York.

WHAT I SAW ON THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AND NORTH AMERICA. By H. W. Bailey, M.D.—THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Charles Merivale, B.D.—AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA FOR 1864. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

OUR MARTIN PRESIDENT. Voices from the Pulpit of New York and Brooklyn. Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

HASTY RECOGNITION OF REBEL BELLIGERENCY, and our Right to Complain of It. By George Bemis. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

BOOKS ADVERTISED.

Jomini's Life of Napoleon—Jomini's Grand Military Operations—Holley's Ordnance and Armor—The Riverside Irving—My Married Life at Hillside—The Game of Croquet—Forsyth's Cicero—Froude's England—Lord Derby's Homer—Max Muller's Lectures on Language—Guizot's Meditations on Christianity—Wet Days at Edgewood—Maine's Ancient Law—Woolsey's International Law—Marsh's Man and Nature—Bushnell's Christ and his Salvation—Cooke's Religion and Chemistry—Lange's Commentary on the New Testament—Our Martyr President—Prof. Cleveland's School and Household Library—Stier's Words of the Lord Jesus—Hearthstone Series—Schönberg-Cotta Works—Essays in Criticism—Tennyson's Poems—Alfred Hagart's Household—A Man without a Country—Companion-Poets for the People—National Lyrics—Lyrics of Life—Humorous Poems—Religious Poems—National Series of School-Books—Frost and Fire—Read's Poems—Wayside Blossoms—Hours among the Gospels—Petroleum and Petroleum Wells—The Sparrowgrass Papers—Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia—Madison's Works.

Fine Arts.

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[First Notice.]

It is one day after the closing of this exhibition that the first number of *THE NATION* appears. The pictures and drawings and works of sculpture return to their former owners, or are transferred to those who have bought them during the exhibition; all, or nearly all, are lost to the sight of the public. We labor under the great disadvantage, in speaking of them, that we cannot point to the works of art themselves and ask our readers to consider, in their presence, our conclusions in respect to them, but are compelled to appeal to the memory only. We shall, therefore, make no attempt to criticize the works of all, or even of a large proportion, of the artists represented. Our business is rather with the lessons taught by the exhibition as a unit than with the relative importance in that exhibition of any individual work of art whatever.

It is plain that we have been able to learn something from the exhibition of the present state of American art, its achievements and its needs. It is of this that we wish to speak, and it is with this in view that we shall discuss those works of art which will probably have left the distinctest images on the memories of those who have seen them.

The exhibition of this year has been more useful than any of those which have preceded it. This singular usefulness has not been due largely to the greater merit of the works of art composing it. Former exhibitions have been of higher character, in proportion to the number of works exhibited, than this. But this year the collection has attracted an unusual amount of attention, and has created an unusual amount of thought on subjects connected with art.

The principal causes of this improvement are two. The first is the rapidly-growing interest in art and artists and artistic pursuits in general, which is an important element in the present intellectual condition of the people. The second is the special attention called to this exhibition by the favorable auspices under which it opened. It is housed in the new galleries of the Academy of Design, within the beautiful building which the citizens of New York have presented to that association. This building has received from the public the attention it deserves, and even some part of the praise which it deserves, and its fame has drawn many persons to see these pictures who but seldom take pains to visit works of art. The interest in art shown by the influential persons who have contributed to the erection of the building, has ensured a further interest in art among the people at large. The quick-turning vane of the periodical press has pointed out this fact. The journals have contributed to the success of this year's exhibition a vast deal of criticism. Not only have the leading daily newspapers devoted to the discussion of this subject as much of their space as in former years, and more than in former years of their intelligence; the semi-literary weeklies have also added their voices, and even the ultra-popular journals from which no one would have expected any judgment, however shallow, on matters of painting and sculpture, have shown a disposition to discriminate between praise and blame, and to award with a certain carefulness to each artist his share of each. The people seem to have read these critical articles, and to have profited by them, so far as there has been any profit in them. Of the visitors to the exhibition many had evidently read, before coming, the published articles on it, and were disposed to compare the strictures of the writers with the works of art themselves. The discussion about individual pictures grew to be popular, and was heard everywhere. The new building and the new galleries, and the collection in them, have been a subject for general and interested conversation, both within and without the city of New York, in those circles of society where intellectual matters are considered and discussed at all.

The effect of all this has been beneficial. It is very true that the discussion has not often been very intelligent. We are ready to admit that there is in the community very little experience of art, and still less theoretical

knowledge of it, and that but few of the critics understand their chosen business. But, on the whole, the people and critics have done each other good, and gained something, both in knowledge and in love of art, since the fortieth exhibition opened. With no desire to claim for the community any profound judgment of what it has, or any accurate knowledge of what it lacks, in matters of art, we think it has shown natural feelings keen enough and brains clear enough to gain, rather than to lose, by consultation with itself.

The uninstructed in art are not the worst judges nor the most hopelessly mistaken. These are the misinstructed, the educated of the schools and of tradition, the taught who have not thought. Our people are free enough from any such misleading. They do not understand the cant terms of collectors. They have little regard for those academical excellences which delight connoisseurs. They are not much taught; and, if they learn anything about art, it is generally by their own observation and thinking. The tendency, therefore, of such a general discussion as that of the past two months is not to befog and mislead, as it assuredly would be if the discutors were more versed in the ways of dilettanti, but rather to clear away delusions.

It is evident that our people refuse to look upon art as a thing apart from their daily life, to be speculated upon rather than enjoyed. It is evident that they do not desire for themselves, nor value when they meet it, an art which appeals to metaphysical subtlety, embodying theories rather than relating facts, and requiring a peculiar disposition and training in the mind that would comprehend it. They want to see painted the things they love. They sadly misjudge and utterly disregard the painting of things unfamiliar to them, failing to see any good in that which is strange, but they value the representation of things they understand.

So highly do they value the representation of things they understand, that they are apt to overrate, at first, the work of any man who seems to them to aim at such representation. Americans have had but little chance to become familiar with really powerful and wholly faithful work. But little of the highest and best art, either ancient or modern, has ever been shown to them, and that little not very publicly nor for a long time. They have but little idea of what can be done in art, or of what it is well to do. They are apt, therefore, to accept an artist at his own or his friends' valuation, if they sympathize at all with his apparent or avowed aims. These mistakes, however, they seem able to outgrow gradually. They seem to have the power of forming, sooner or later, a tolerably correct estimate of all such art as is, in its nature, useful and agreeable to them. We say "they seem," for as yet they have fairly and thoroughly outgrown none, or at best but a few, of the most untenable of their early delusions, and it is not established beyond the possibility of doubt that they have the power of judging rightly of art. That they have it will, however, be the conclusion of any one who looks at the subject in the light of the experience of the past few years.

It is interesting to mark the progress of popular education by comparing the past and the present estimates of the same artist's work. There is, perhaps, no easier or surer way of marking such progress. Consider, for instance, the case of one very popular painter. Three years ago he would have been a bold critic who should have questioned Mr. Bierstadt's claim to the possession of great technical skill, of great power of conception, of "genius" of many sorts and "talent" of the highest order. Such questioning there was, but it was not printed in popular or widely circulated journals, nor generally heard among the people. This year his work has been vigorously and even rudely criticized, even in quarters where a desire is to be detected to echo as far as possible the popular voice in matters relating to art. This change is not to be explained by the supposition that he painted once better than now, for it is not his this year's work only that is roughly handled by the critics. The artist's work, past and present, his method of work, his insight into nature, his color, his drawing, his "handling," his "composition," have each and all been declared bad, or faulty, or weak, by those who once found all these things true and good.

We have spoken of this change as indicating progress in the popular knowledge of art. It is certainly advance and not retrogression that it shows. The newly gained power of seeing something of the weakness, want of meaning, and disregard of truth in these huge and pretentious canvasses, is very valuable, and the possession of this power will surely give more.

Mr. Bierstadt has only two pictures in the present exhibition. The larger, which is also the largest picture in the exhibition, a huge landscape, ten feet long, is entitled "Looking Down the Yo Semite Valley, Cal.," and numbered 436. It occupies precisely the best place in the galleries, the middle of the side of the largest and best lighted room of all; evidently ranking as the most important picture of the exhibition in the estimation of the hanging committee.

We look for miles down the valley between the high cliffs. How high

the cliffs are we know. How long the visible part of the valley is, we can infer. No one is ignorant of the stupendous grandeur of the scenery which makes up this wonder of our continent. But here in the picture is no grandeur, no distance, no height. The scale is small, it seems that the largest cliffs are those represented; we know that these cliffs are from sixteen hundred to three thousand feet of nearly vertical height; but it is certain that there is no such height shown in the picture. The Yo Semite Valley would be nothing to us, if it looked like this. A faithful portrait of the Castle and Crag of Drachenfels or of Anthony's Nose, either of them steep hills, would be more impressive than this rendering of the greatest precipices yet discovered.

The picture is consistent in its representations of fact, for the rock of which these dwarfed giants are shown to be composed is friable and crumbly, liable to break and split irregularly, and very sandy in its surface. Large masses of this substance lie in the near foreground, and the texture of the surface is there seen to be almost exactly like that of the trunks of the larger trees. Surely we are not called on to believe that the granite of which these walls are built up, two thousand feet of clear vertical height, looked to Mr. Bierstadt as this in the picture looks to the beholder.

We desire not to carry too far any comparison between the picture and nature, for there is no doubt that the painter would refuse to meet the critic on this issue, as one which he had never contemplated. Nor do we enquire now whether Mr. Bierstadt is unable or unwilling to draw rocks. But there is a question between the picture and the Yo Semite Valley. Were we to judge the valley from the picture, it would be cruelly disappointing. But, judging Yo Semite by other means, for instance, by the large photographs so well known and so common, it is the picture that suffers and not the valley. The photographs have not been of the first order of excellence, but the most obscure of them gives more sense of vastness, the dimmest more knowledge of the look of the hard, smooth, granite wall, the least clear more sense of tree growth and form.

Now it is fashionable to assume that a natural fact may be rightly drawn and colored and true externally, and yet not right in spirit and meaning. This, of course, is only a *façon de parler*, doing mischief because misleading the ignorant. The soul of nature is seen in the outside of nature; if not there—where else? If a rock be well drawn and well painted, can the representation be improved except by still better drawing and painting? Not so. The best rendering of the appearance of any phenomenon of nature will be the best picture of it. In dealing with the wonders of the Yo Semite, the office of the painter will always be this—to represent the rocks as they are and the trees as they are in color and form, not approximately, but exactly, in the minutest details; then, if you feel that by a bringing together on your canvas of more views than one, you can the more impress the momentary beholder with the great truth which you have been a month in seeing, have your way. But no untruth, no stopping short of the truth, no misinforming the trusting people at home. It is on this account that we hold the painting of such pictures as this before us an inexcusable offence. Nothing is wrong but the drawing and painting; but these wrong, all is wrong. It seems sad and mortifying to us that a painter should take that far journey and spend "seven weeks in the great Yo Semite," and that we should learn nothing of it—all because of downright bad drawing.

There is even worse drawing than this in No. 472, "The Golden Gate, Cal." Our space fails us, and we can only remind the reader of those jellied waves, thick and opaque at the edges, and foamless, falling about without direction, or tending anywhere; of those feebly drawn vessels, wrong, of course, in every line, but not attracting much notice to their wrongness; of the ghastly greenish light which pervades the wide scene of water and land, and has reduced the black hulls and the white sails to the same dead, unnatural, and ugly hue. The color of both pictures is very untrue and unpleasant, and, although there is one of nature's beautiful effects of mist just hinted at in the larger picture, the bad color and the formless clouds deprive it of any power.

These pictures leave upon the mind of the beholder an impression, so strong that it can hardly fail to be a true impression, that they have been painted without any desire to represent nature truly, or to tell the beholder anything worthy of his notice. It is not a harsh judgment, and certainly not a hasty judgment, of them to say that they are not true art at all, but rather as untrue and unhealthy as art can be, having no apparent meaning beyond the bid for popular applause which they certainly make. This is a bid which for a time is taken. Popular applause has always rewarded for a time such bold and unhesitating seekers for it. The applauders are as much to blame as the artist; they have no plea to offer for themselves which will excuse the terrible harm they are doing to art. The artist can urge a desire to catch the

popular eye and win the popular voice, meaning, perhaps, to do his work more truly when he has succeeded. His mistake is final, and his own and the world's losses are not to be made good, but he has this excuse. The applauders have none beyond base ignorance or thoughtlessness, which no law, divine or human, allows in mitigation of its penalties.

It is strange that when we find a thoroughly bad or unsuccessful picture that the matter with it proves to be bad drawing. Whatever on ultimate analysis proves to be the cause of failure, the immediate cause has been bad drawing. It is a strange Nemesis that waits behind the painter, and punishes him if he lack a noble aim or espouse an unworthy cause by paralyzing his hand and dimming his eye. In the case before us, whatever is wrong behind the bad drawing, the bad drawing is the visible cause of defeat. Nothing is even tolerably drawn—neither rocks, nor trees, nor clouds, nor waves, nor ships. If this were different, if with the other two prominent faults of these pictures the drawing in both were good, from bad work they would become valuable and beautiful.

Now it happens that no one can turn away from the great Yo Semite picture without seeing a precipitous cliff of rocks, which is very well drawn indeed. There is no such drawing of rocks anywhere in these galleries as in Mr. A. W. Warren's small picture, No. 420, "Study of Rocks, Mount Desert." Here is nothing friable and soft that should be crystalline and hard. The picture might be called "adamant." The edges are sharp and hard, the surfaces smooth and hard, the whole cliff jagged, angular, and hard. This is the very water-worn granite which we all have slipped on and bruised ourselves against along the rock-bound New England coast. The color also is true and bright, as varied even as that of the rock itself, and almost as vivid, and the water that wells up against it is blue and liquid.

Here, then, is a picture which seems to have been painted in the wish to state truly some very important facts which have not before been so well stated. It is not necessary for us to demonstrate at this late day that this is the true aim for our painters. Let every one hereafter who hears of a picture by Warren go far to see it. We shall be disappointed if he ever hereafter should paint a picture that is not instructive and worthy.

Mr. Griswold has a very beautiful landscape on the walls of this same gallery, a very interesting picture and one that has attracted much attention. Here, in the pleasure this picture has given the people and the good words it has won from the critics, we see another proof of the usefulness of this year's exhibition. For Mr. Griswold had in the last exhibition of the Academy of Design a picture nearly as good as this, as good in all respects save one, and it was very little noticed. It is true that last year's picture was sold, if we rightly remember, and that this year's has not been sold, if we are rightly informed. But this year's picture is larger and certainly twice the cost of that, and, moreover, there was such an anxiety to invest money last spring, in pictures as in all other kinds of property, that this spring brings with it its reaction, and nobody is willing to buy. Very few pictures have been sold on the walls of the Academy this year.

Mr. Griswold's picture is No. 411, "A Winter Morning." The rising sun has just tinged red the top of a hill in the centre of the picture and beyond a still river. On this side of the river is a rocky country covered with frosted grass and overgrown with cedars, a little oak carries its dry leaves gallantly in emulation of the evergreens, and the faces of rock are covered thick with lichens.

Of all our landscape painters, Mr. Griswold shows, by his work, the largest gift of that inborn faculty of "composition" which is so much talked of and so seldom seen. He finds the beautiful groups; the graceful lines grow into a new grace, and the harsh ones disappear, while he looks; the cedars grow, naturally and of their own will, just where he wants them. Another gift he has, that of feeling for color: not of true perception of it—he has never, to our knowledge, painted the true green of nature, for instance—but of feeling for color harmonies. In last year's picture, "December," what a splendid chord of ruddy and brown hues was that which culminated in the nasturtium-colored calico of the woman's apron! Not an atom of it could have been spared, and if the key-note, the apron, were covered up, there would be no picture left, only scraps of pigment. This year it is, if less concentrated, more subtle. The contrasted gloom and glow of the morning twilight are beautiful and true. This harmony of color is nature's composing, or a very truthful and happy reminiscence of it.

The picture before us has, then, two of the most important elements of great art. It lacks, to be great art, even to be very good art, one most important element of all, refined and powerful drawing. The drawing of the hills beyond the river and of the nearer rocks and evergreens is not very truthful, nor very strong; the painter has not seen far into the structure of either tree or hill. There is nothing false and ridiculous, let it be understood. As far as the drawing goes, it is approximately truthful, let us say, suggestive. But it is mannered.

It is very insufficient. Nothing is completely and heartily drawn. There seems to have been a recipe for drawing each and every form of nature. It having been decided upon how the hill-strata were to lie, they all lie so—the lines of red bushes following them. Real hills startle one now and then; composed hills like these never do. It having been decided upon how cedars are to be represented in outline and surface, here they are all treated alike. Inasmuch as now and then in nature a cedar is less compact and unbroken, and shows through a rift in its foliage the little branches crossing each other,—here is one such. The near foreground is not, it would seem, a study from nature at all.

Nothing is farther from our purpose than to ridicule this picture. It is one of the half-dozen among these six hundred that one would care to own. Whoever shall possess it hereafter is offered our sincere congratulations.

But there is this great danger to any young painter of ability among us, that the community does not call upon him to put forth his full strength. Mr. Griswold is safe from the competition of all but two or three of his fellow artists, and it is not likely that these will happen upon such a subject and style of treatment, any given year, as will bring them into direct contrast and comparison with him. Mr. Griswold, moreover, is safe from the urgency of his friends or of picture-buyers; there is no likelihood that any one will give him a commission for a picture to be as good as he can make it, and none other to be received. He must look within for his inducement to work, and must find it in the love for nature which he certainly has, and in the feeling which he probably has, that there is a higher and nobler beauty in nature than he has painted or drawn as yet.

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ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$414,729 18.
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$134,673 00
Temporary Loans.....	92,630 00
Real Estate.....	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank.....	5,000 00
Government Sec., value.....	144,514 00
Cash on hand.....	18,042 34
Interest due.....	3,085 58
Premiums due.....	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES.....	\$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS.....	198,733 26

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At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY.

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UNITED STATES 7.30 LOAN.

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Surplus, over	400,000

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SURPLUS, January 1, 1865	423,989 74
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Have for sale, ready for delivery,

UNITED STATES 7.30 TREASURY NOTES,

Convertible, at maturity, into 5-20 GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

Also,

UNITED STATES 10-40 BONDS,

UNITED STATES 5-20 BONDS,

UNITED STATES 1-Year CERTIFICATES.

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New York, July 6, 1865.

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BANKERS,

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GOVERNMENT LOAN AGENTS,

KEEP ON HAND, FOR

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY,

THE ISSUES OF

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CASH CAPITAL	\$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865	270,353

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FAIR RATES,

PROMPT PAYMENTS.

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427 AND 429 CANAL STREET, CORNER OF VARICK.

Open daily from 10 A.M. to 3, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings from 5 to 7 P.M. Six per cent. interest, free of Government tax, allowed on sums of \$500 and under, and Five per cent. on larger sums. Money deposited on or before July 29 will bear interest from July 1.

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BILLS ON LONDON

At Sixty Days' Sight and at Three Days' Sight, for sale by

WARD, CAMPBELL & CO.,

56 Wall Street, New York.

DRY GOODS.—With the third number of THE NATION will begin a weekly dry goods price list, with corrected quotations of the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of domestic dry goods. To this will be added trustworthy information of the state of the market, supply and demand, advance or decline, etc., which will be of value to those directly or indirectly interested in the trade.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATION.

TUESDAY, June 27, 1865
TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	S
At Allerton's.....	3,584	26	724	516	
At Browning's.....	453	54	317	3,738	
At O'Brien's.....	23	15	...	2,304	
At Chamberlin's.....	63	31	...	5,538	
Sold at Bergen, N. J.....	1,230	...	113	233	
Sold Direct.....	339	...	600	2,000	
Hog Yards, Fortieth Street.....	14,640
Total.....	5,675	106	1,977	14,529	14,640
Total last week.....	4,276	100	2,501	12,623	16,902
Increase.....	1,399	6	...	1,906	...
Decrease.....	624	2,363
Average No. per week last year.....	5,060	145	1,735	15,388	12,676

RECEIPTS OF BEEVES FROM THE DIFFERENT STATES.

New York.....	83	Connecticut.....	4
Ohio.....	116	Iowa.....	52
Indiana.....	116	Michigan.....	18
Illinois.....	2,763	Canada.....	85
Kentucky.....	233	Missouri.....	104

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium.....	to —	to —
Extra.....	17 to 17½	17 to 17½
First quality.....	14½ to 15½	14½ to 15½
Second quality.....	13 to 14	13 to 14
Third quality.....	12 to 12½	12 to 12½
Inferior.....	10 to 11½	10 to 11½
Average of all sales, about.....	to 15	to 15

The Beef Cattle in the market are from the following States, viz:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
By the Erie R. R.....	846	776
Hudson River R. R.....	23	9,365
Harlem R. R.....	1,660	26	724	516	...
Camden and Amboy R. R.....	318	895
By Hudson River Boats.....	683
On foot.....	4
New Jersey Central R. R.....	50	4,104

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.**NEW YORK SILVER MINING CO.**

OF NEVADA.

CAPITAL, \$150,000; SHARES, \$100 EACH.

7,000 SHARES IN TREASURY, 2,000 FOR SALE.

PRICE \$40 PER SHARE, UNTIL AUGUST 1,

Thereafter \$50, until Further Notice.

Stock full-paid, and no individual liability. Company organized under the General Law of the State of New York, with a board of trustees of honorable Christian business men, in whose management the stockholders may have unbounded confidence that they will do all that can be done to make investments safe and profits large.

We expect this stock will be at par within one year, and making dividends of from 3 to 5 per cent. on the par value of the stock per month in gold. Any Clergyman, Insurance Agent, or Cashier of Bank is authorized to receive money and forward it; to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. Certificates will be returned on the receipt of funds. Stock for sale at the Atlantic Bank, New York, R. W. R. Freeman, Cashier; and at the office of the Company. We refer to the officers of the Company—to R. W. R. FREEMAN, Esq., Cashier of the Atlantic Bank, 142 Broadway, or HERMAN CAMP, Esq., 25 Nassau St. THOMAS SPROUL, President.

S. R. HUTCHINSON, Secretary.

Office: 80 BROADWAY, over the American National Bank.

Benedict's Time.

171 BROADWAY, COR. CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

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AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.

Let every soldier, before he returns home, provide himself with an AMERICAN WATCH; no better use can be made of money than to invest it in one of these durable accurate time-pieces. It is a kind of property that instantly returns good interest, and its money value is well-known that a pocket full of silver dollars wouldn't be as useful.

For sale and warranted by

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

Keepers of the City Time, and Agents for the sale of the American (Waltham) Watches,
171 Broadway, cor. Cortlandt St.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.**THE WEED MACHINES.**

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz.: STEREOSCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc., etc., also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

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We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.

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Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, to which additions are continually being made of Portraits of Eminent Americans—viz., about 100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 550 Statesmen, 200 Brig-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 130 Divines, 275 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 125 Authors, 40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women, 3,000 Copies of Works of Art,

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Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

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At this season of the year nothing adds more to one's comfort than to drink freely of the contents of our new pattern richly double-plated

ICE PITCHERS,

Which are for sale at the well-known stand, 4 and 6 BURLING SLIP, by

LUCIUS HART & CO.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

Writing Paper cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.

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Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees

IN EVERY STYLE,

MANUFACTURED BY

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IMPROVED

LOOK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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Bedsteads of every description

For Dwellings, Public Institutions, Hospitals, Prisons, etc.

Patent Spring Beds, Mattresses, etc.

STABLE FIXTURES,

Hay Racks, Mangers, Stall Divisions, etc.

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For enclosing Cemetery Plots, Offices, Dwellings, Public Squares, etc.

Having purchased the business of the New York Wire Railing Company, HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM late Agents, we are now the exclusive Owners and Manufacturers of

Patent Wire Railing & Farm Fencing, Window Guards, etc.,

And we offer to the public the largest variety of ORNAMENTAL IRON GOODS to be found in the United States.

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An effectual labor-saving and economic Soap, that only needs a trial to be appreciated. Wonderful success has attended its introduction. All classes of society approve it, and the sale is rapidly increasing. Being made from clean stock it serves both for Laundry and Toilet use. Send to your grocer and give it a trial.

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A new article designed for the Household Laundry, which imparts that peculiar Pearly Whiteness to Laces, Linens, and Muslins so much desired by the ladies, and which makes this article an especial favorite. The Powder, also, makes a splendid Blue Writing Ink; thus the ladies can give delicacy to the appearance of their correspondence as well as to their linens. A trial will manifest its usefulness. See that your grocer procures it for you.

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OFFER TO FIRST-CLASS BUYERS A LARGE AND VERY
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Samples furnished when called for.

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The hot days of Summer are upon us, and it becomes a necessity as well as duty to inquire how we may best promote the health and comfort of our families. But few, comparatively, can go to Newport, Saratoga, or elsewhere, as the imperative demands of business confine them at home; and it matters but little where we are, if we do not wisely select and see that our food is properly prepared, and preserved for our use. To insure its preservation a refrigerator becomes a necessity in every family. We refer such of our readers as intend to purchase one to Messrs. LESLEY & ELLIOT, 494 Broadway, New York, who have on exhibition and sale the Polar Refrigerator, which we believe stands at the head of this class of necessary appendages to the culinary department of every household.

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A liberal discount to Clergymen.

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FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

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They are more fire-proof.

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It is the only article of the kind manufactured that is never in the way either in the narrow church-pews, on horseback, or in any crowded place.

The new Trail Skirt of this peculiar manufacture is particularly recommended to ladies, as the flexible joints enable her to fold it about her person with much greater ease than a small one of the old style. Ladies are well aware that there is no article of dress which has heretofore caused so much trouble and annoyance as hoop skirts, and they should at least examine "THE MAGIC" before purchasing.

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New Skirt for 1885.**THE GREAT INVENTION OF THE AGE IN
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This invention consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic Steel Springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic, and durable Spring ever used. They seldom bend or break like the single Springs, and consequently preserve their perfect and beautiful shape twice as long as any otherskirt.

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A good canvasser wanted in every township.

Send for illustrated circular.

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